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KRONOS, VAMPIRE HUNTER-the full film in comics

NO 20  
51<sup>st</sup> MONTHLY

HAMMER'S

HALLS OF

HORROR

THE MUMMY

SAVAGE BEES

THE INCREDIBLE  
MELTING MAN

PRIZEWINNING  
COMPETITION



Locked in fierce combat! The revived Kharis (Christopher Lee) and John Banning (Peter Cushing). See this issue's *History of Hammer* for more on *The Mummy* 1959).

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#### HAMMER'S HALLS OF HORROR

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# Editorial

Over the months we've received the occasional letter from die-hard Hammer fans who have noticed our comic strip adaptations each month are not exactly the same as the original movies.

We've had mail asking where the bootleggy scene came from (in *Hell 14's One Million Years BC* strip), the head-chopping of Mitterhouse (in *Hell 17's Vampire Circus*) and to fuck.

And, if not for this very editorial, we'd doubtless receive more, quizzing parts of our treatment of *Captain Kronos*.

The answer is that we are offering an exclusive bonus to the reader. As you may be aware, a film goes through various changes before reaching the cinema circuits. Revisions are made at all stages, from pre-production right through to the cutting room floor. So, rather than re-present the edited, censored version, with all its budgetary special effects limitations, we work from the original scripts whenever possible. Thus, in *Hell* alone, you can see the film exactly as it was meant to appear.

Now, in answer to yet more queries (perhaps I should entitle this editorial *Answer Desk Part 2*), here's some information on what's coming up in future issues...

On the comic strip side, we're currently working on *The Devil Riders*

*Dot* (by Doug Moench, John Bolton and Pat Wright, plus Dr Jekyll & Sister Hyde, Chris Wicking & Paul Newry's *Revenge of Frankenstein*, *Brides of Dracula*, and *Daunt From Space* (Quatermass 2).

On articles, coming up are: *Gen FX* - a look at the growth of special effects on the screen; *Faces of Fear* - a series of features by Hammer's number one make-up man, Ray Adams; *Flashback* - reviews of fantasy films released exactly ten years ago plus more interviews, behind-the-scenes scoops and previews than you can imagine.

In next month's issue, *Hell 21* we've a few special treats lined up - ... *Lee as Lee* is literally what it says, Christopher Lee on his career in horror film; *Shander-Ocean Stalker* our classic comic strip character not seen since *Hell 16*; *P.D. Mirror Mirror*, a *Pan Am* magazine's *Tarzan* tale by top artist Bernie Wrightson; Karloff's *The Sorcerer*, plus... our largest behind-the-scenes feature ever as we look at the script, storyboards, casting, directing, location work, model-making, musical effects, editing and production of the new £10 movie *7 Cities in Heavens*.

Most of all your pencil

*Rob Harris*  
Des Skinn (Editor)

## SPECIAL HoH



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# CAPTAIN KRONOS

## Vampire Hunter

A HAMMER FILM PRODUCTION

Starring  
 HORST JANSON ..... Captain Kronos  
 JOHN CATER ..... Professor Grost  
 JOHN CARSON ..... Doctor Marcus  
 CAROLINE MUNRO ..... Carla  
 IAN HENDRY ..... Kefo  
 SHANE BRIANT ..... Paul Durwood  
 WANDA VENTHAM ..... Lady Durwood  
 LOIS OANE ..... Sara Durwood

Directed by BRIAN CLEMENS; Screenplay by BRIAN CLEMENS; Photographed by IAN WILSON; Edited by JAMES NEEDS; Produced by ALBERT FENNELL and BRIAN CLEMENS; Released by Bruton Films. Certificate AA.

THE HOUSE OF THE SORRELL FAMILY, IN THE VILLAGE OF DURWOOD, ENDS WITH HAPPY LAUGHTER. ISABELLA SORRELL IS SEVENTEEN YEARS OLD TODAY.

IT'S BEAUTIFUL...  
AND IT'S REAL GOLD!  
OH, THANK YOU,  
EVERYONE!

JUST WAIT TILL  
I SHOW PETER! CAN  
I KISS OVER THERE  
NOW?

IT YOU'RE  
QUICK, MY DREAM  
BE BACK BEFORE  
NIGHTFALL...

AND SO ISABELLA SORRELL SETS OUT ON A SHORT JOURNEY THROUGH THE DARKLING FOREST...



HER LAST JOURNEY...  
THERE WAS NO  
MORE BIRTHDAY FOR  
ISABELLA SORRELL.

WHA... NO!  
NOOOOOO...!

NO MORE OF ANYTHING AT ALL



"THIS IS GOOD OF YOU, PAUL. BUT HOW TO YOUR MOTHER THE LADY DURNED?"

THE DURN SHOCKS THE VILLAGE. EVEN THE DURNED FAMILY SEND A WRESTLE.



"BETTER, I'M SURE. BUT SHE'LL ALLOW HIS ANCESTRY HAVE HER. NOT EVEN YOU, DE MARCHES."

THEN, AS THE FUNERAL ENDS

A GOD AFFAIR. ESPECIALLY FOR HER SISTER, ANN. BUT NOW I MUST GET BACK TO THE HOUSE. GOOD BY, DE MARCHES.



"COME HOME WITH US, PETER. WE COULD DO WITH A HAND AND IT MIGHT TAKE YOUR MIND OFF THINGS."

"THANK YOU, ANN."

BUT WHEN DE MARCHES TOO LEAVES THE SCENE



"ANN? ANN, ARE YOU ALRIGHT? WHAT'S THE MATTER? CAN'T YOU SPEAK?"

BUT WHEN MARCHES BEINGS THE ENTRENCHED GIVE TO NEW SENSES



"PETER? WAS SHE WITH YOU? WHERE?"

"P. PETER."

GOOD GOD!



"OH, NO, NO NOOOO...!"

TWO NIGHT



"PETER... I WANT YOU TO TAKE THIS LETTER TO CAPTAIN ARDINGS... AND STOP FOR NOTHING UNTIL YOU GET TO HIS CASTLE. I'LL BE A HARD KID... TO THE EASTERN MOUNTAINS."

PETER HIDE FOR THREE DAYS AND NIGHTS AND FINALLY REACHED THE EASTERN MOUNTAINS



NONE COULD HAVE ARRIVED MORE SWIFTLY THAN KRIVOS, AND SO...



GA-DANG!  
GA-DANG!

THAT SOUNDS LIKE AN ALARM BELL TO THE CHURCH QUICKLY!



WILD HORSES COULDN'T HAVE KEPT ME FROM COMING TO YOUR AID, OLD FRIEND! BUT LISTEN—THOSE BELLS! THAT'S NO WEDDING BELL!

MOMENTS LATER



IN A CHURCH, KRIVOS? SURELY NO VAMPIRES COULD...

SOME VAMPIRES COULD! WE NEED MORE INFORMATION ON WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST, THEN WE CAN DEAL WITH IT! GHOST KNOWS THE FIRST STEPS...



AND GHOST DOES INDEED KNOW WHAT TO DO...

DEAD TORDS? YOU'RE BUYING DEAD TORDS?

PRECISELY, MY DEAR. TORD IN THE ADLE! ONLY A FEW MORE.



NONE KNOW OF GHOSTS WORK. LEAST OF ALL THE TWO YOUNG LOVELS WHO ARRIVE IN THE FOREST THE NEXT DAY.

WARRER! I DON'T SEE ANYONE, MYRA. COME ON, I'LL WALK YOU HOME.



GILES. I THOUGHT I SAW SOMEONE OVER THERE... SOMEONE REALLY OLD...



AND HAVE MY FATHER SEE YOU? NO, IT'S ONLY A LITTLE WAY. YOU CAN WATCH ME UNTIL I GET CLEAR OF THE WOODS.

AND AFTER ALL, WHAT COULD HAPPEN IN SUCH A SHORT STRETCH OF PATH?



FOR MYRA IS ONLY OUT OF HER LOVER'S SIGHT FOR A FEW SECONDS...



BUT THOSE FEW SECONDS ARE ENOUGH...



SOON...

SHE THOUGHT SHE SAW SOMEONE... SOMEONE OLD... BUT I WATCHED HER ALL THE TIME THERE. WEREN'T ANYONE NEAR HER?

YOU RINGED THIS AREA, RIGHT? GOOD, WE'LL CHECK.

BUT WE DEAL IN LEGEND AND MYTHOS... THERE'S AN OLD RHYME: "IF A VAMPIRE SHOULD BEDROPE CLOSE TO THE GRAVE OF A DEAD LORD, THE VAMPIRE'S HEART ITS LIFE SHALL GIVE, AND SUPPLY THE LORD SHALL LIVE!"

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, KRONOS... I'M A MAN OF SCIENCE, BUT...

BUT I CAN'T RELY ON...

BUT YOU MUST, THE LORD BEARS WITNESS, OUR VAMPIRE CRIME THIS WAY.

NOW WE KNOW WHERE TO START LOOKING... THE SOUTH END OF THE VILLAGE.

UNLESS IT CAME THROUGH THE VILLAGE.

THE TOWN'S AT THE SOUTH OF THE VILLAGE... WE'LL START THERE TOMORROW.

LOOKING FOR SOMEONE WHO'S INCREDIBLY OLD?

NO... FOR ONE WHO'S YOUNG... YOUNGER THAN THEY SHOULD BE? IT'S NOT BLOOD OUR VAMPIRE STEALS... BUT YOUTH!

AND TALKING OF THE YOUNG... AND THE BEAUTIFUL... IN THE DUNWARD MANSION...

HOW'S ANOTHER, SISTER?

JUST THE SAME, PAUL... SHE WON'T EAT... SHE JUST LIES THERE LIKE A DEAD THING!

AND SHE LOOKS SO OLD, PAUL... SHE USED TO BE SO BEAUTIFUL... BUT THE LAST THREE YEARS HAVE AGED HER SO MUCH.



SINCE FATHER DIED, YOU MEAN... BUT SHE'S ONLY A DUNWARD BY MARRIAGE, WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HER WON'T HAPPEN TO US... ALL THE DUNWARDS ARE NOTED FOR THEIR YOUTHFULNESS...

NEXT DAY FINDS KRONOS ALSO NOTING THE YOUTHFUL...

SO YOU'RE GARTH MARKSTEIN... THEY SAY YOU CAME BACK FROM THE CITY A WHILE AGO LOOKING YOUNGER...

WHAT IS IT?

OH, WE'RE JUST INTERESTED THAT FIVE YEARS AGO...





...IS A MAG?

WAS HE DIDN'T FIND THE SECRET OF YOUTH... HE FOUND A WIS-MAKER!

GIVE THAT BACK...



BUT WHILE KNOWING AND HIS COMPANIONS FIND AMUSEMENT IN THE TRIVIAL... ON MARCUS HAS MORE SERIOUS MATTERS IN MIND...

GOOD MORNING, PAUL. I WAS... ER... PASSING, AND THOUGHT TO DROP IN TO SEE HOW YOUR MOTHER WAS...



WHAT'S THIS YOU'RE READING, PAUL? "WITCHCRAFT AND MAGIC"?

OH-IT WAS MY FATHER'S... I'M FINALLY STARTING TO PUT HIS LIBRARY IN ORDER...

IS THAT WHY YOU STARE AT ME SO HARD, DOCTOR? OR DO YOU THINK THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH ME?

SOMEONE AS YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL AS EVER! I REALLY DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DO IT... IT'S ALMOST MIRACULOUS!

FORGIVE ME, MY DEAR...

THERE'S WHAT THEY SAY'S GOING ON IN THE VILLAGE. "WITCHCRAFT" FIRST ISABELLA, AND THEN... WHAT DO YOU THINK, PAUL?

MY BROTHER DOESN'T FORM OPINIONS TOO RAPIDLY, DOCTOR.



I REALLY OUGHT TO TELL ME, PAUL... DOES THAT BOOK HAVE ANYTHING ABOUT WITCHCRAFT IN IT?

I DON'T THINK SO...

SOME PEOPLE THINK THEY DON'T EXIST... WELL, GOOD DAY TO YOU BOTH

HIS MIND FULL OF DARK THOUGHTS, MARCUS RIDES BACK... UNDER A SKY THAT HAS SUDDENLY BECOME HORRIBLY BLACK...

THE MASSIVE THUNDERBOLT HAS FORWARDED SO RAPIDLY IT SEEMS ALMOST UNNATURAL AND YET THE DARKNESS AND THE HOWLING WIND ARE REAL ENOUGH...

BUT THE DARKNESS PASSES DOWN HEAVILY ON MARCUS CLOTHING IN ON HIM.

AND MARCUS FEELS THE STING OF FEAR. PAINFUL. LOATHING FEAR.

AND THEN THE STORM BLINDS ITSELF OUT IN AN INSTANT, AND ALL IS AS IT WAS BEFORE... LEAVING MARCUS TO WONDER IF IT WAS FREAK WEATHER...

OF SOMETHING WORSE

KRONOS AND GHOST, ARMBRUSTLE, HAVING  
EMPTYED THE THERMOS,  
HAVE RETURNED TO  
THE FOREST...

"FINE" A FEW MORE  
OF THESE AND WE'LL  
HAVE EVERY PATH IN  
MILES COVERED!

RIGHT... NO ONE  
OR NOTHING WILL BE  
ABLE TO PASS THROUGH  
WITHOUT OUR KNOWING

AND YET...

AND NEXT DAY FINDS KRONOS, GHOST,  
CRILLA AND AMRUCUS AT POSITIONS IN  
THE FOREST... WATCHING AND WATCHING...

WATCHING EVERYONE WHO PASSES  
WITH SCRUPULOUS ATTENTION...

A BELL!  
OVER THERE...

UNTIL...

TOO LATE!  
TOO LATE AGAIN!

THIS THING'S BECOMING  
AN EPIDEMIC... LIKE A  
PLEAGUE OF VAMPIRES! AND  
A PLEAGUE OF THEM! THE  
BELL-TRAP NEVER FAILED  
BEFORE

THAT NIGHT...

"YOU WAKE THEM  
DON'T YOU KRONOS  
BUT WHY? WHY IS IT  
SUCH AN OBSESSION?"

I ONCE WENT OFF TO FIGHT  
A WARE... LEAVING MY MOTHER AND  
YOUNGER SISTER BEHIND. WHEN I  
RETURNED, MY SISTER GREETED  
ME WITH A KISS...

A VAMPIRE'S KISS!  
I WAS STRONG ENOUGH  
TO SURVIVE, BUT THAT  
MEANT I HAD TO...

KILL THEM?  
OH GOD...

# MEDIA MACABRE

## FILM SCENE news

### Dawn of the Dead

More weird and wonderful effects promised in the much-awaited George Romero and Dario Argento de-lux, *Dawn of the Dead*. George directs from a script based on his new novel; Dario "gross-out" the film, being produced by Romero's partner, Richard Posenstein in association with Claudio Argento and Alfredo Cuaron. The publicity for the movie reads: "Where there's no more room in hell... the dead will walk the earth!"

### Horror Pushed Out?

The main point in all year letters seems to be the same every month: "Where have all the horror films gone?" Turned into of scripts every last one.

Fortunately a few genuine horrors are still afoot, or about to be made.

Item: The lycanthrope lives anew in America. A writer-director with the odd name of Worth Ketter III is busy with *Wolfman*, the hero of which, Colin Glasgow, is heir to the devil's curse. Sounds good—on paper. We're a little wary, though, of any project claiming to star "an international cast" headed by Earl Owensby as the unfortunate Colin. Earl who...? Actually Earl Owensby is also *Wolfman's*



producer. So if he wants to class himself as part of an international cast, we suppose he has every right to.

Item: *Dracula* lives on, too. Shooting begins in—of all places—Dallas this summer on a \$3,000,000 comedy movie. Title: *Prince Dracula*.

### Schlesinger's Alive

Despite—or more likely because of—the tawdry Mexican quickie, *Survive*, about the Andes plane crash where the survivors cannibalized their dead companions to stay alive, the other film about the subject is far from dead, after all.

This being *Alive*, once as John Schlesinger's schedule, United Artists lost interest in the project following the hype-up release of *Survive*. Now, Paramount have been talking to producer Edgar Schenck and the *Alive* film looks alive again.

### Hitler Disaster Movie

To assuage Bavarian government feelings, Peter Dinklage's Munich movie, *Hitler's Son* will be known as *Return to Munich* in the Fatherland. De la set, they've been calling it *Hitler's*

## First Fantasy Film Fivity

We all know that *Saw Wars* is the greatest money-spinner in the history of the screen. Just the other year it was *Awes*, of course. Before that, came the fierce battle between *The Godfather* and *The Exorcist*. And it was not so very long ago that *The Sound of Music* shook the Hollywood by finally toppling 1939's *Gone With the Wind* from top spot as the biggest money-making film that ever was.

While the ups and downs of the last few record-breaking box-office years have been all very interesting, we've been wondering how the broad spectrum of fantasy films fared in such a list of all-time bests. For instance, which proved the more successful in the end? *Centaurs & Pegasus*, *Necessary's Baby* or 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea, *The Heroes of Wax* or *The Sorcerer*, *Planet of the Apes* or *The Birds*... and come to that, *Woolfworld* or *Fantasmagoria*...

Fortunately, the weekly bible of show business facts and figures, provides all the information for your annual list of box-office champions, old and new. Films that have earned at least \$4,000,000 in distributors' rentals (as opposed to box-office receipts). We've called our list from there, choosing as closely as possible to what *Heft* would regard as fantasy films—of all Gothic horror, straight and comedic, with the disaster movies thrown in for good measure. We have, though, deliberately cut out the 807 top films—*Marathon*, say, but not quite what we consider the *Heft* genre to be. This again, as why only some of *Hitler's* winners are listed—the sheer barren set list is too cumbersome. You may disagree with some of our inclusions, but it does help resolve a few arguments.

The dollar figures mentioned represent distributors' rentals in the biggest film market, America and Canada. Double these figures and you'll have some notion of the world-wide amounting... Okay, what do you think, did *Wolfford* take more money than *Starbuck*...? Read on.

1. <i>Saw Wars</i> (Director: George Lucas, 1977).....	\$127,600,000
2. <i>Jaws</i> (Steven Spielberg, 1975).....	121,358,000
3. <i>The Exorcist</i> (William Friedkin, 1973).....	87,708,000
4. <i>The Towering Inferno</i> (John Guillermin, 1974).....	58,600,000
5. <i>Argo</i> (George Seaton, 1978).....	42,308,000
6. <i>The Poseidon Adventure</i> (Ronaldo Neame, 1972).....	42,008,000
7. <i>Earthquake</i> (Mark Robson, 1974).....	38,894,000
8. <i>Kung Fu</i> (John Guillermin, 1972).....	35,851,283
9. <i>Hungry</i> (Franklin J. Swift, 1975).....	34,158,000
10. <i>The Goop</i> (Peter Yates, 1977).....	31,008,000

11. <i>The Green</i> (Michael Caine, 1976).....	27,851,000
12. <i>Alphie</i> (Jack Smiley, 1975).....	25,348,000
13. <i>2001: A Space Odyssey</i> (Stanley Kubrick, 1968).....	24,100,000
14. <i>Cleopatra</i> (Cecil De Mille, 1934).....	23,800,000
15. <i>A Clockwork Orange</i> (Stanley Kubrick, 1971).....	15,400,000
16. <i>The Godfather</i> (Francis Ford Coppola, 1972).....	15,877,000
17. <i>Planet of the Apes</i> (Franklin J. Swift, 1968).....	15,000,000
18. <i>Necessary's Baby</i> (Richard Fleischer, 1963).....	14,000,000
19. <i>Argo</i> (George Seaton, 1978).....	14,000,000
20. <i>Centaurs &amp; Pegasus</i> (1956).....	14,000,000
21. <i>Fantasia</i> (1940).....	14,000,000
22. <i>Exorcist II: The Heretic</i> (John Boorman, 1977).....	13,900,000
23. <i>Psycho</i> (Alfred Hitchcock, 1960).....	11,200,000
24. <i>20,000 Leagues Under the Sea</i> (Richard Fleischer, 1954).....	11,000,000
25. <i>Island at the Top of the World</i> (Robert Stevenson, 1974).....	10,700,000
26. <i>Lepus</i> (Michael Anderson, 1970).....	9,500,000
27. <i>Wolfford</i> (Michael Anderson, 1971).....	9,250,000
28. <i>Once</i> (Michael Anderson, 1977).....	9,250,000
29. <i>Rollerball</i> (Warren Beatty, 1975).....	9,000,000
30. <i>Two Women</i> (LARRY PENCE, 1978).....	8,800,000
31. <i>Breath of the Planet of the Apes</i> (Ted Post, 1978).....	8,800,000
32. <i>Escape to Witch Mountain</i> (John Hough, 1975).....	8,500,000
33. <i>The Andromeda Strain</i> (Robert Wise, 1971).....	8,341,000
34. <i>Rollercoaster</i> (James Goldstone, 1977).....	8,234,000
35. <i>The Rat Patrol</i> (Richard Fleischer, 1958).....	8,000,000
36. <i>Shogun</i> (Wesley Allen, 1977).....	7,875,000
37. <i>Starbuck</i> (The Eye of the Tiger) (Sam Wanmaker, 1977).....	7,700,000
38. <i>Remembrance of the Planet of the Apes</i> (A. Lee Thompson, 1978).....	7,560,000
39. <i>Greasy</i> (William Grody, 1975).....	7,372,000
40. <i>Beyond the Door</i> (Oliver Wallace, 1977).....	7,000,000
41. <i>Woolfworld</i> (Michael Christen, 1973).....	7,000,000
42. <i>Survive</i> (Alfred Corcos, 1978; Mexican).....	6,813,419
43. <i>Freaky</i> (Hedrick, 1972).....	6,500,000
44. <i>The Island of Dr. Moreau</i> (Don Taylor, 1977).....	6,500,000
45. <i>It's Alive</i> (Larry Cohen, 1977).....	5,300,000
46. <i>The High and the Mighty</i> (William Wyler, 1944).....	5,100,000
47. <i>In Cold Blood</i> (Richard Brooks, 1959).....	5,000,000
48. <i>Food of the Gods</i> (Burt I. Gordon, 1976).....	5,000,000
49. <i>Race with the Devil</i> (Jack Shaffner, 1975).....	5,755,000
50. <i>Escape from Planet of the Apes</i> (Don Taylor, 1971).....	5,000,000

# MEDIA MACABRE

Revenge, following a quirky series of Exorcist-like incidents. The dialogue coach broke his foot, the publicity man fractured a kneecap, a prop man sprained an elbow, cast and crew were in four car smashups in all. Peter Cushing fell victim to a serious inflammation of the eyes—which also befell director Rod Amateau, who broke a finger, as well. Nothing so far has happened to producer Dr. Gerd Goering (see relation!).

Just for the record, *Hitler's Son* is a movie and not a film, according to Amateau. A movie, he cites as being pure entertainment, a film provokes intellectual thinking. . .

## Meteoric Career

To celebrate the fact that his star-packed *Meteor* marks his 50th year in movies and his 30th as a director, Ronald Neame has added himself to the cast along side Sean Connery, Natalie Wood, Karl Moller, etc. Neame plays the British representative at the United Nations.

Neame, who apparently vowed he'd never handle another disaster thriller after the multitalented headliner of *The Poseidon Adventure*, has come a long, long way from his beginnings as a messenger boy at Eclair studios, London, in 1928. The first film he worked on was Hitchcock's first British talkie, *Blackmail*, in 1928. A cinematographer on such ventures as *In Which We Serve* (1942), he later produced the most important films of the post-war English cinema, *Great Expectations* (1946) and *Oliver Twist* (1949), before turning director later in 1948.

We're sure *Meteor* will be a cracking movie, but Neame will always be better remembered for his Alico Guinness films, *The Card* (1952), *The Horse's Mouth* (1958) and *Tunes of Glory* (1959) and Maggie Smith's *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* (1958).

## Technical Hitch

Talking of Hitchcock . . . his own cinematic language, Hitchcockese, is turning up in film

## Bee-Pictures

1978 looks like going down as the year of the bee-film. Three of them at the last count.

Hard on the heels of Bruce Geller's somewhat ridiculous tale of South American killer bees invading Louisiana (*The Savage Bees*), comes Irwin Allen's *The Swarm*, which is about South American killer-bees invading the entire United States. Well, Allen always did have bigger budgets.

Geller's stars rate as a kind of TV Movie First XI—good old Ben Johnson, Michael Parks, Haast Backholtz and sandy unknowns (and likely to remain so). Allen's cast features a starker swarm:

Michael Caine, Katharine Ross, Richard Widmark, Richard Chamberlain, Olivia de Havilland, Lee Grant, Jose Ferrer, Patty Duke Astin, Bradford Dillman, Henry Fonda, Fred MacMurray . . . and good old Ben Johnson. Again.

Now both of these films have to do battle with a quiescent from Roger Corman's New World Pictures, *Bees*. Director is Jack Hill with a cast headed by John Saxon. Only difference we can see about this one is that the location is Mexico City. Which means, it's (a) either cheaper, not to bother importing the bees, or (b) the story has killer-bees from America taking their revenge on South America. About time, too.



titles. To Hitch, a McGuffin is that which is not quite what it seems—the innocent crop-dusting plane that isn't duster any crops and starts menacing Cary Grant in *North by Northwest*, as one starring example. Now the Benji writer-producer-director Joe Camp (no comment) is immortalizing the expression in a thriller called *The Double McGuffin*. "It's *Saturday Night*," explains Camp. "The boys are playing a little game. The winner gets to live . . ." Alas! Ernest Borgnine and George Kennedy use the boys (?). Elke Sommer is . . . honestly . . . playing the Prime Minister. Now there's a McGuffin if ever we've heard one.

## Moore Vanishes

Latest news on the much head-lined plan to re-make Hitchcock's *The Lady Vanishes* is a change of casting. For Roger Moore read George Segal. Very good news!

## Stinging Effects

If *The Savage Bees* story was less than brilliant, the make-up effects were first rate. And all the work of one Maxine D. Stein, who suffered so many stings herself that she has to carry a boosting antidote with her forevermore—"my doctor insists I've reached my toxin threshold."

No wonder. For the scene of the guy jumping into a pond to escape a killer-swarm, dying slowly, looking more and more swollen every time he comes up for air, Stein says he carved imitation stingers from rose-thorns—and then glued live bees to his actors' faces. And not, we hope, for mere B-picture salaries.

## Harper, Italian Style

Finally, news of everyone's favorite horror dancier in distress—she screams so superbly I refer, of course, to Jessica Harper. She's striking fast to her new-found Italian career following the *Suspiria* triumph. Her latest assignment—*Our Man in Mecca*, with Bo Svenson and Thomas Mifflin. Sounds bad enough to make even strong men scream!

# BOOK news



## BLACK ORACLE

There was a time when New York seemed to be the center of fantasy activity, producing and introducing countless publications during the 1960s. However, the center of the American fantasy industry now seems to have moved to Maryland—Baltimore in particular. One of the most consistent of these Maryland-based fantasies is George Stone's *Black Oracle*. This may be best easily identified by its size—or rather, lack of it. *Black Oracle* measures a mere 4 1/2 by 5 1/2 inches. Despite this

# MEDIA MACABRE

quarter-size, however, the mag is filled to the brim with vivid articles, reviews and pieces relating to the 1950s cinema. The super-small print may initially strain your eyes, but the blend and quality of the contents will—yes, you will soon realize—make it all worth while.

The current issue (No. 38, Spring 1997) contains a most exciting coverage of the Paramount King Kong remake, most aptly entitled "Kings Dino Killed the Beast". This article breaks down the \$5 million dollars (spent on promotion) De Laurentiis myth that the film is "The Most Dangerous Movie Feature Ever of All Time". If you're a fan of the real original—the supreme 1953 picture—then this piece will certainly have you cheering.

An interesting observation (with commentaries) on the recent Supernatural theme is made in the article, "To the Diner... A Burst of Horror", which deals specifically with *The Exorcist*, *Exorcism and To the Devil*, *A Daughter*. The author's final analysis may not be in accordance with everyone's opinion regarding these films but the article is a most readable study.

"Satanic and Symbolism: A Voyage into the Unconscious" is a Freudian look at *The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad*—drawing from the film some curious (and obvious) conclusions. Although one would have thought that there are many more important films in the genre to analyse from a psychological viewpoint, this piece puts forward some curious interpretations that should interest those fans who mindlessly dissect and analyse movies to the nth degree. If you are willing to accept, in terms of symbolism, that the Cyclops "represents powerful unconscious forces which threaten to overthrow the conscious mind", then you should be quite content with this article.

There is also a laudably movie-review section, dealing with such titles as *At the Earth's Core*, *Carnie*, *The Food of the Gods*, *Logan's Run*, *Obsession and Squalor*. A particularly interesting section is the record-review chapter, discussing such musical landmarks as Bernard Hermann, Miles Davis, John Barry, Neil Shomer, and David Rakoff.

On the whole, the 48 pages of *Black Onyx* (number 38) are well worth investigating if your interest in movies strongly lowers films of a fantastic nature and your reading requires material with a serious content.

Copies of *Black Onyx* No. 38 (Spring '97) are available from George Sower at P.O. Box 10036, Baltimore, Maryland 21204, U.S.A. Overseas orders should include International Money Orders for \$1.50 (which includes airmail).

T.V.



One of the most respected of the top three English language fantasy-film fanzines, *Geve Onyx* has steadily progressed since starting in 1963 to become a widely read and much sought-after publication. However, despite the magazine's long and increasingly successful life-span, editor Gary Seibla has never been allowed to forget the somewhat paradoxical side of his mag during recent years: the market that the magazine eventually began to cater for was an audience reluctant to entertain a movie periodical calling itself "Geve Onyx".

With magazine publication extremely dependent on achieving as wide a circulation as possible, Gary Seibla finally decided that in order to see his mag as the shelves of the most prominent book and magazine stores around the world he would have to change the title. The change also offered him the opportunity to further develop the style of the magazine—thus the introduction of *Midnight Marquee*.

What would have been the oft-proclaimed issue number 38 of *Geve Onyx* has now—most pleasantly—become the new glossy-paper, wrap-around *Midnight Marquee* (though Gary has wisely retained the continuity of issue numbers).

The new style magazine is a solid 44 pages of their delight for various film students and buffs. The lead feature, "Ritual and Horror in the Fantastic Film", takes a most perceptive look at the components which make up the arbitrary line in the fantasy cinema. The piece, which covers such popular titles as *Island of Lost Souls*, *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, *The Incredible Shrinking Man* and *Curse of the Demon*, explores the motivations of the hero, his actions and behavior and the validity of his role in the piece.

Walter Schumann's scene for the atmospheric *Night of the Hunter* is given a short but worthwhile analysis, as concern among buffs regarding the inclusion of this film as a "horror" film will be dispelled by the particularly

gleaming article. Written in a somewhat similar vein is a most informative piece entitled "The Black Cat: A Presence of Paranoia". This is a very carefully thought-out observation and study of the 1934 Universal classic—a study that is likely to provide serious re-examination of the film by many students and fans.

Quite an enjoyable piece—though unfortunately approached from quite a far oblique angle—is one on the movie career of actress Allison Hayes. The article tends to view the late Ms. Hayes as being something of a *Napoli* Welch of the Royal Shakespeare Company—but, nevertheless, it makes interesting reading (and as a bonus includes her

fantasy biography). Wrapping up the feature material in this issue is a short overview with Joe Johns—familiar to horror buffs mainly as the baritone in Karl Freund's *The Mummy* (1931).

Rounding out the mag there are the regular columns dealing with fanzine reviews, movie reviews, and readers' letters.

*Midnight Marquee* is an 8 1/2" x 11" format fanzine published irregularly, consisting of 44 pages. Available from Mike Marchandising at 52 Ryedale Road, London SE15 1QA, at £1.35 (inc. post & packing), and/or from Gary J. Seibla at 5305 Kavan Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland 21208, U.S.A. at \$1.75 T.V.

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Review by John Brennan

Some movies can be described in just one word and the word that best describes *The Incredible Melting Man* is *Arghh!* I mean, I've seen some disgusting things on the screen over the years, from the green vomit in *The Exorcist* to Barbra Streisand's performance in *A Star is Born*, but this takes the cake. Uh oh, the mention of food is a mistake in connection with this film. The night I saw it I'd intended to have a pizza afterwards but as the "thing" resembles a pile of walking pizza filling, plus

other substances over whose origins we will draw a discreet veil, I found I'd lost my appetite for pizza by the end of the show, as well as for all other forms of food.

The "thing" I refer to is all that remains of Colonel Steven West after a space flight to Saturn. Well, we're told he's been to Saturn but all we see on the screen is some NASA footage of one of the Apollo moon missions (and when Col. West, staring out of his window, says: "Gee! seeing the sun through the rings of Saturn sure is something!") there's a cut to a

# THE INCREDIBLE MELTING MAN



# REDIBLE TING AN



close-up of the sun's corona whereas, of course, from Saturn the sun would appear rather dim). During the flight there's an unexplained flash of bright light and one presumes that it's responsible for the unpleasant transformation that West undergoes, though again it's not very clear just what it is.

We next see West swathed in bandages in a hospital bed and in obvious discomfort. He staggers up, rips off the bandages and reveals that his face and hands have become nothing but vast open sores. Enraged, he immediately attacks a nurse, chasing her through the apparently deserted hospital and into the road outside. The next time we see the nurse she's lying dead on an autopsy table and being examined by two doctors, one of them being the film's hero, Dr. Ted Nelson. As the whole mishap in space must be kept top secret, Dr. Nelson receives orders that he must track down West practically on his own.

West, meanwhile, is deteriorating rapidly—his

flesh taking on the appearance of the pizza filling I mentioned earlier, all red and yellow and runny. Anything he touches is covered with strings of sticky slime. And as he melts, apparently, so his appetite for fresh meat increases. His second victim, after the nurse, is a lone fisherman by a stream. The fisherman disappears into the bushes and the next thing we see is his head thrown into the stream. The camera follows it downstream and then, in one of the film's many peaks of sheer bad taste, we see the head topple over a waterfall and burst open on the rocks below... all in slow motion.

General Perry (Myron Healey) arrives in plain-clothes to assist Dr. Nelson in the search, so now there is a total of two involved in a hunt for an astronaut who has recently been sent to Saturn at the cost of countless millions of dollars and the efforts of thousands of people. They don't have much luck, which isn't surprising, particularly as they seem to spend most of their time hanging around Nelson's home



where his attractive wife Judy (Ann Sweeney) is waiting for the arrival of a baby.

West's toll of victims mounts up, including Judy's mother who was on her way to the Nelson home for a visit, but no matter how many people he eats it doesn't affect the disintegration process (we see in loving close-up his right eye slowly trickle out of its socket and down his face...). Leaving the General to look after his sleeping wife, Dr. Nelson goes out to search for his missing mother. Of course, no sooner has he gone than West chomps into view, heading towards Nelson's house.

When Nelson returns, accompanied by a policeman, they find the General dead on the lawn. To his relief, Nelson finds his wife unharmed.

Eventually Nelson and the cop track down West in the local electricity-generating station. "We want to help you," Nelson tells him but West rightly seems aware that the offer is a redundant one. The cop ends up being flung onto some high voltage wires, and when Nelson attempts to prevent two security men from

shooting West he himself is shot dead for his efforts. West then staggers off, his condition worsening... and finally he dissolves, revealingly, into a puddle of clothing and goo beside a metal shed. The film ends with a shot of a disgruntled cleaner shovelling the remains into a garbage can... a fitting image.

If the plot sounds vaguely familiar it should do, as it owes a lot to Hammer's *The Quatermass Experiment* (and the 1959 rip-off *First Man Into Space*) and, of course, *Frankenstein*, but whereas those two films had a great deal of style, being made with care and intelligence, *The Incredible Melting Man* is an exploitation film of the purest kind—it has practically no redeeming features. The direction is almost non-existent, the script illogical and nonsensical, the acting perfunctory, etc.—only Rick Baker's make-up for Alex Rebar, as the melting man of the title, demonstrates any creative effort. It's revolting and nauseating but by being so it fulfils its purpose. If Baker hadn't been able to create a make-up effect so repulsive that the film would have been totally unwatchable—the responsibility for entertaining the audience would have fallen entirely on the writer and director, William Sachs, and he certainly wasn't up to the task.

So, thanks to Baker (he was the one inside the ape suit in the remake of *King Kong* and also designed most of the aliens in *Star Wars*) *The Incredible Melting Man* isn't a boring movie. It may be an awfully bad movie but isn't boring and these days that's not a quality to be sneezed at. Just don't plan to eat after you've seen it.

#### **The Incredible Melting Man (1977)**

Alex Rebar (as Cabot Ferox West), Barr DeRamus (Dr. Ted Nelson), Myron Healey (General Ferox), Michael Aldredge (Heng Heng), Ann Sweeney (Judy Nelson), Julie Driscoll (Carol).

Written and Directed by William Sachs, Director of Photography Willy Cardin, Edited by James Bebers, Special Effects and Makeup by Rick Baker, Music by Arnie Ober, Associate Producers Peter Caraberg and Robert L. Fortna, Produced by Samuel W. Goldstein, A Rosenberg-Goldstein Production. Released by Columbia-Warner Film Distributors Ltd. Time: 84 mins.

# The S

Review by John Brounan

**T**his is a dangerous film. Avoid it at all costs. If you find yourself trapped in a cinema with it you will first experience a sharp pain in the brain followed by a spreading numbness throughout your body caused by an immense attack of boredom. Chances of a complete recovery are slim and there is no antidote.

Basically *The Sugar Bess* is yet another variation on *Jaws*: a community is threatened by a powerful natural force, there are a number of attacks on isolated victims before the danger is recognised, the authorities are slow to take the proper steps even when informed of the situation, finally there is a showdown between the protagonists and the "monster" and naturally the former are the ultimate victors. In this case the "monster" is a swarm of killer bees that invades Louisiana after travelling up



from South America in a banana boat. The bees first attack and kill a couple of crownmen on a freighter, a little girl on her way to church, and a dog. The dog turns out to belong to the local sheriff (Ben Johnson) and it's only when he insists that a young doctor at the town's mortuary carry out an autopsy on the dead animal that the existence of the killer bees is discovered. It just so happens that the doctor (Michael Parks) has had a recent romance with an entomologist (Glenne Corbett) and he immediately asks her for some expert advice. She reveals that the bees are of the African variety—a species noted for both its aggression and the strength of its venom. Only a few stings are needed to kill a man.

Naturally they attempt to alert the city authorities but as New Orleans is in the middle of its Mardi Gras celebrations the Mayor is reluctant to take the threat seriously, leaving them to cope with the problem on their own. As there's a danger that the bees might spread out and interbreed with local species if the





# avage Bees

queen isn't destroyed it's imperative that the whole swarm be captured intact. So while the sheriff organizes a search to locate the swarm, the doctor and the girl entomologist arrange to have a Brazilian bee expert (Horst Buchholz) flown up to help with the operation. At the same time they rekindle their romance. "It took a swarm of killer bees to bring you back to me," murmurs the girl. Ouch!

The Brazilian bee expert arrives and soon takes charge, issuing orders and posing heroically with his shirt unbuttoned. With his help the swarm is finally located in a small diner on a remote country road. (If still can't figure out how he found them, he simply pointed at the shack and said, "They're in there.") He then dons his special, silver, bee-proof costume and rides off towards the shack on the back of the girl's Volkswagen. While the girl waits in the

car he goes inside the diner and, sure enough, finds the bees, as well as a few dead bodies. But while he's attempting to get the queen two young refugees from the Mardi Gras, dressed in girly gear, drive up and demand service. They only realize something is wrong when the bees begin to attack them, causing them to leap about in a bizarre dance of death. When the bee expert foolishly goes outside to try and help them (though it must have been obvious to him that was nothing he could do to save them) his suit is slashed open by the "prairie" flailing sword and he too is finally stung the who lives by the bee dies by the bee, it seems!



The bees then switch their attention to the girl in the car, covering her Volkswagen like a living carpet in an attempt to break in. When the doctor and the police arrive on the scene she is well and truly trapped. But after some discussion a possible solution is discovered—it seems that the bees fall asleep at a temperature of 45 degrees Fahrenheit so all they have to do is move the car to a place where the temperature

can be controlled. Somebody remembers that there's an enclosed sports stadium in the city that fits those requirements—the only problem is getting the car to it.

We then see the bee-covered Volkswagen, preceded by a police car, moving slowly through a New Orleans street. A horde of extras, probably numbering as many as nine or ten, scurry for safety as they hear the police message from the loudspeaker. "Clear the street... there is a swarm of killer bees behind us..." (Not as memorable as the line in the film *The Night of the Living Dead* when a policeman bursts into a drive-in cinema and tells the audience: "Attention, there's a herd of killer rabbits coming your way.")

They eventually make it to the sports stadium, the temperature is slowly lowered and, after several moments devoid of almost any tension,



the bees fall asleep, having been bitten to this blasé state by the audience some time ago.

It's a pretty shoddy film—cheaply made and directed by former TV director Bruce Geller with as much ring and excitement as a computer. The script seems machine-manufactured too—everything follows a totally predictable pattern and the dialogue could have come from some kind of *Laird's* kit ("Plot Variation Number 323 Just apply to blank page, press, then remove backing sheet.") But the other main problem with it is that the bees aren't very effective as a cinematic menace. They don't generate much in the way of unease or fear, unlike spiders, worms or even ants, so film makers have to work really hard in order to imbue them with any feeling of horror or danger. So far no film maker has succeeded in this—Freddie Francis certainly didn't in *The Deadly Bees*, a 1967 Amicus film, and neither does Geller in this one. It remains to be seen, at the time of writing, how Irwin Allen has tackled the problem in his multi-million dollar



epic *Swarm*. It will no doubt be much more spectacular than *The Savage Bees* but I have a strong feeling that it too will be a lot of buzz about nothing.

## The Savage Bees (1976)

Ben Johnson, as Sheriff McKee, Michael Parks (Dr. Jeff Dawson), Gretchen Corbett (Jeanette Deveraux), Hank Bunholt (Dr. Jorge Mueller), Bruce French (Police Lieutenant), James Best (Feldgrau), Christine Ebersole (Pamela Girl), Kenneth Cernan (Fleete Bee).

Produced and Directed by Bruce Geller. Screenplay by Gordon Trachsel, Director of Photography Richard Glesner, Music by Walter Murphy, Technical Advisor Kenneth Lorenson and Norman Gary, Ph.D., Edited by George Hixley and Bud Friedman, Makeup by Munko Stein, Executive Producers Tom Kitchner and Alvin Kaskham. Released by Columbia Film Distributors Ltd. Time: 90 mins.

*Silveria*, *Rabid* and the lesser-known *Crimes of the Future* and *Stereo* are four recent contemporary horror films that all come from the mind of young Canadian writer-director David Cronenberg. Already he has earned himself the title of "the Canadian Roger Corman", because of his low cost, high profit products. This issue we look at his unusual approach to horror filming, and his stock-in-trade gimmick of . . .

# Doctors of DEATH



feature by John Fleming

Shortly before he began work on *Shivers*, Canadian director David Cronenberg had a nightmare: "I dreamt I was in a cinema with an audience. Certain members of the audience contracted a disease from the screen and then there was a certain amount of antagonism between those who got the disease and those who were immune."

In all Cronenberg's films, there is a conflict between those who are "normal" and those who are different. He graduated in English Literature from the University of Toronto. But he had enrolled at first on an Honours Science course. Then, he says, "I found that the people on the course were completely different from me. At the time, they were to me the kind of aliens that people my films. They were recognizably human beings . . . yet there was something quite different about them."

He made his first film for \$5,000 at the age of 27. *Stereo* (1969) is set in a Canadian institute, where parapsychologist Luther Springfellow operates on six young adults. He removes their power of speech then, by brain surgery, increases their ability to perform telepathy. But, for Cronenberg, telepathy was just an excuse. "I wanted very definitely," he said, "to create the feeling that you are watching aliens from another planet."

To create an unreal effect, he used multiple-frame printing to make the characters move in a "kind of jerky slow motion". He also shot the film without any synchronous sound or music (which helped keep costs down). The soundtrack is made up of impersonal readings of scientists' observations.

This cold, clinical (and difficult-to-watch) approach was continued in his next film *Crimes of the Future* (1970). It is set in the near future at another fictional Canadian institute: The House of Skin. This institute treats those affected by some "severely pathological" skin diseases caused by modern cosmetics. The patients are men. All women die before puberty from the mysterious *Rose's Malady*. The effect of this disease on men is an oozing of fluids. A white, creamy substance oozes from their ears. A thick, brown, chocolate-like substance oozes from their mouth and noses. Like liquefied dried blood. The fluids are highly attractive and tasty. Other people are tempted to lick and eat the substances. As in Cronenberg's other films, the cause of infection and transmission of the disease is sexual.

Not far away, at the Institute of Neo-Venerated Disease, a man has been infected and his body is creating unique and highly-complex organs which sprout from his body but have no apparent purpose. (In Cronenberg's *Rabid*, the unique organs reappear with a purpose: to kill.) Suraw-like tails push out of one nostril. The doctors think these may be nerve-endings from the man's

brain, but they are not sure. No one is sure of anything.

The film's narrator is Adrian Tripod. He talks in a lost, wandering voice, unable to control or even understand what is happening around him. Eventually, he becomes involved in a plan to save the human race.

*Crimes of the Future*, like *Stereo*, was shot with no synchronous sound and is very much in the "underground" film category. When I saw it, eight people walked out (presumably from boredom) and many others kept looking at their watches and yawning. Cronenberg's next film, though, was a slam-bang eye-popping commercial exploitation feature.

He explained: "I had a dream. My mouth was open and this thing crawled out. I was lying in bed—absolutely neutral atmosphere—and that was the kernel of the film."

The working-title was *Orgy of the Blood*



*Shivers: The Parasite Murders* (1974) takes place in a luxury block of flats. Dr. Merrick (Ronald Mlodzik) attempts to destroy the parasite he has created, saving his "zoores pup" in the process. Satisfied that he is successful, he converts suicide (top right). Unfortunately, his victim has passed the parasite on to Nicholas Tavel (Alan Mijocovsky) who sets out on a spree of assault and murder (left). Meanwhile, the parasites are spreading through the building and attacking the other residents (above)

*Parasites*. On release, this was changed to *The Parasite Murders*. The French-Canadian title was *Fissures*. And, in Britain, it was known simply as *Shivers* (1974). Set in a high-rise apartment block isolated on an island in Montreal, it is a variation on the theme successfully used for *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* and *Night of the Living Dead*. A whole community is taken over by an outside force until the few remaining "normal" people are faced with a massive

majority of infected humans. It is the

normal people who are the "freaks". Again, the disaster is started by a doctor operating on a patient. The resultant parasites look like the objects which dogs are not supposed to deposit on clean city streets. They carry a combination of aphrodisiac and venereal disease—a fact which brought some outraged cries from the press. At home, the Canadian Film Development Corporation was criticized for giving such a "repellent" movie financial backing. In Britain, *Shivers* was called "degrading"

(*Sunday Times*), "nauseous" (*Daily Express*) and "absolutely disgusting" (*London Evening News*). In fact, even producer Ivan Reitman had originally turned the film down as "too disgusting", but he later changed his mind when Cineplex of Canada became involved in the project.

David Cronenberg had his own reasons for making the film this way, though. . . . "During the three years that I wrote the film, my father was dying and we were very close. It was quite a horrible death. No reason for it. It was just bad. Catharsis: that's what the film can do. It's a release of inner tension to get involved with a film like that and have it end the way it does."

Cronenberg himself designed the "bug", as it was affectionately known by the film-crew. Special effects were handled by Joe Blasco, who normally worked as a make-up man for TV's *Lawrence Welk Show* in Los Angeles. The results were remarkable. At the start of the movie, a girl's stomach is slit open with a scalpel. The man who has performed the operation then pours steaming acid into the stomach and slits his throat open with the scalpel.

He is a doctor who has been trying to breed a parasite which can take over the functions of a human organ. The parasites, though, start to run, crawl and leap amuck spreading their insanity-causing properties throughout the enclosed community. Soon, people are spewing up blood and bugs everywhere: into baths, onto the floor, out of the window. One little shower of blood and a bug from a high window goes sailing down onto the plastic umbrella of two old ladies walking below. "Oh poor birds!" says one. "They're always crashing into tall buildings." The bug creeps away into the undergrowth.

In one of the most effective special effects sequences, the bugs can be seen moving just under the skin of a man's stomach. Far more effective than anything in *The Exorcist*. In another scene, while two of the film's heroes are talking about Man being "an over-rational animal that's lost touch with its body", a girl (played by Barbara Steele) in another room steps into her bath and lies down in the water. The plug rises and out creeps a bug, moving from her feet up towards her torso. As she flails about, knocking over and breaking a glass, the bath-water turns a mixture of blood-red and bug-brown, then drains away down the plug-hole. The girl steps out of the empty bath, not realising that jagged pieces of the broken glass are lying on the floor. She puts her foot down on the floor and sharp glass rips the soft flesh of her foot. But she shows no reaction, unaware of what is happening to her.

Elsewhere, a rapacious man attacks a woman who sticks a two-pronged meat-fork into his neck; a woman cripple is attacked by a bug which crawls up her stick; an adam's apple swells as a bug surges up inside a girl's throat; an insane negro's skull is smashed in with a crow-bar



*Crimes of the Future* (1976). Above: Cut down by *Rouge's* Molande, a young man lies unconscious in the clinic set up to combat the disease. Below: The film's hero, Adrienne Tripod, cuts the substance oozing from a victim's body.



and everything begins to look too much like *Night of the Living Dead*. Victims of the bugs suddenly develop a glazed look and uncertain stagger which they did not have earlier in the film. They start to group together, attacking the few people who remain uninfected. The whole of Montreal is threatened. All this proved too much for the good people of Cambridgeshire, England. After complaints that some scenes

were indecent, the local Council banned *Shivers*. Britain's National Board of Film Censors had passed the film uncut because they believed (rather oddly) that the film had a message: "That the permissive society may be the result of this new form of plague."

David Cronenberg defends his work more simply by saying: "The true subject of horror films is death and anticipation of death,



**Rabid** (1977). Above and below: Victims of the disease seek out and attack those who are assumed in an effort to replenish the blood lost during their own infection.



and that leads to the question of Max as body as opposed to Man as spirit. All my films have a strong physical consciousness. Being a mind in a body is a conundrum especially if, as happened with my father, the body starts to go and the mind has not."

Whatever the reasons Cronenberg had for making *Shivers* so explicit, the film was a financial success; it won First Prize at the 1975 Sages Horror Film Festival; and it

meant he had now moved from "underground" to "mainstream" movie-making.

As a result, he and producer Ivan Reitman teamed up for *Rabid* (reviewed in *Hell 16*).

*Rabid*, like *Shivers*, is about a strangely-shaped creature which needs to take over human beings' minds and bodies in order to survive. Like *Crimes of the Future*, it features self-generating organs which grow out of

the human body. Like both these films and *Stereo*, the horror clearly results from the ill-advised actions of well-meaning doctors and clinical institutions. Like all David Cronenberg's films, it is about people who are not the human beings they, at first, appear to be. *Rabid* relies on tried and tested formulas. There is nothing new. It is basically a re-working of *Shivers*. I hope Cronenberg's next film will not be another re-working of previous films. In horror films, I prefer the phrase "ad nauseum" to mean something else.

#### **Stereo (1969)**

with Ronald Mlodzik, Ian Ewing, Jack Messenger, Clark Mayer, Paul Mulholland, Arlene Mlodzik, Glenn McCauley.

Produced, Directed, Written, Photographed and Edited by David Cronenberg. Production Assistants Stephen Nosko, Pedro McCormick and Janet G. M. Good. An Emergent Films Production. Time: 65 mins

#### **Crimes of the Future (1970)**

with Ronald Mlodzik, Tania Zolty, Jon Lidolt, Jack Messenger, Paul Mulholland, William Haslam.

Produced, Directed, Written, Photographed and Edited by David Cronenberg. An Emergent Films Production. Time: 70 mins

#### **Shivers (1975)**

(Canadian title: *The Parasite Murders*) Paul Hampton (as *Roger St. Lee*), Joe Silver (as *Reilo Lankky*), Lynn Lowry (as *Forzythe*), Alan Mjogovsky (as *Nicholas Tador*), Susan Petrie (as *Justine Tador*), Barbara Steele (as *Bern*), Ronald Mlodzik (as *Merrick*).

Written and Directed by David Cronenberg. Makeup and Special Effects by Joe Blasco, Director of Photography Robert Sand, Production Manager Don Carmody, Produced by Ivan Reitman. Released by Target International Pictures Ltd.

Time: 87 mins

#### **Rabid (1977)**

(Canadian title: *Rage*) Marilyn Chambers (as *Rose*), Frank Moore (as *Harv Ross*), Joe Silver (as *Murray Cypher*), Howard Rysiphan (as *Dr. Don Kelov*), Patricia Gage (as *Dr. Roxanne Kelov*), Susan Roman (as *Mandy Kent*), J. Roger Perard (as *Lloyd Walsh*), Lynne Deragon (as *Nurse Lowe*).

Written and Directed by David Cronenberg. Produced by Ivan Reitman, Andre Link and John Deming. Photographed by Rene Verrier. Music by Ivan Reitman. Distributed by Alpha Films, A Cinema Entertainment Enterprises (Montreal) Production. Time: 90 mins

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# DRAW A MONSTER

When we first created HoH with its unique blend of features and comic strips, we never realised how many horror fans are also budding artists.

Yet over the last two years, we've been constantly inundated with drawings. Many readers have suggested we even start a "readers' artwork" page. But we always felt this was too far removed from our *raison d'être*.

However, rather than ignore the constant flow of requests, we're going to take time out to offer you another HoH contest. Movie buffs will have to take a back seat this time round as we present our **HoH Art Competition**.

To enter is simplicity itself. You don't need a huge reference library of books to cross-reference competition answers. Or a vast knowledge of cinema from the start of talkies onwards.

All you do need is a black pen (not pencil, or colour), a piece of white drawing board, card or paper (no larger than 12x10"), and a flair for art.

Over the past 19 issues, you've seen our differently depicted drawings of Christopher Lee, Peter Cushing and friends. Well, now it's your chance to show us what you can do.



We'd like to see a black and white hand drawing of your favourite horror star. Not John Bolton's or Brian Lewis's version or tracings, please, but your very own work.

The drawing can be a straight portrait shot (head and shoulders), full figure, or action scene from a film.

When submitting your entry, be sure to state your

age, as the artwork will be split into two or more categories for judging.

The judges will be Dez Skinn and Nigel Money (HoH's editor and art editor), and their decisions are final.

The competition is open to everybody, but entries must be postmarked no later than July 10th, 1978.

The winning entries will all appear in a future issue of HoH, and—who knows?—winners may even find themselves drawing future *Van Helsing's Terror Tales* as professional artists!

*The prizes will be:*

*A free 6-issue subscription to HoH for the ten runners-up in each category.*

*And for the winners...*

*A free 12-issue subscription plus...*

*The original artwork of a Van Helsing's Terror Tale from HoH!*

Be sure to clip the entry coupon from this page, and enclose it with your artwork to be sent to:

**HoH DRAW-A-MONSTER, COMPETITION,**  
Columbia-Warner House, 135-141 Wardour Street,  
London W1V 4QA, England.

... and while entering, be sure to let us know what your favourite three features are in this issue, plus the feature you like least of all.



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silent — the choices vast with two series of projectors and accessories to suit all tastes and pockets. If you're not convinced just SEND 50p for OUR COLLOSSAL CATALOGUE PACK which you can browse through at your leisure — if you are convinced invite Dracula to dinner but make sure the table is wooden not!

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RETURN OF DRACULA  
VAMPIRE AND THE BALLERINA  
THE REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN  
THE WEREWOLF  
THE DEER BAT  
BLOOD OF DRACULA  
SON OF DR. JEKYLL  
STRAIT-JACKER  
THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM  
WHEN THE DEVIL COMMANDS  
BLOOD OF DRACULA'S CASTLE

	A	B	C	D	E	F
TASTE THE BLOOD OF DRACULA						
RETURN OF DRACULA						
VAMPIRE AND THE BALLERINA						
THE REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN						
THE WEREWOLF						
THE DEER BAT						
BLOOD OF DRACULA						
SON OF DR. JEKYLL						
STRAIT-JACKER						
THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM						
WHEN THE DEVIL COMMANDS						
BLOOD OF DRACULA'S CASTLE						

- FX NUTEN MUST BE DESTROYED  
AND KING  
MINISTER OF FIEDRAS BLANKAS  
THE WOLF WOMAN  
THE GAMMA PEOPLE  
CREATS FROM THE HAUNTED CAVE  
BLOOD OF DRACULA  
LUST FOR BLOOD  
I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN  
I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF  
CREATING WITH THE ATOM BOMB  
SEA MONSTER  
THE UNKIND  
MONSTER MAKER  
NIGHTMARE IN WAX

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AND KING						
MINISTER OF FIEDRAS BLANKAS						
THE WOLF WOMAN						
THE GAMMA PEOPLE						
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# KRONOS-VAMPIRE HUNTER

## Part Two

BUT FOR KRONOS, THE PERSONAL HORROR IS FIVE FEET OVER, FOR NEXT MORNING...



THE GIRL IN THE FOREST... IT WAS MY FAULT WASN'T IT?

YES, MY FRIEND... AND YOU KNOW WHAT WE MUST DO THERE WILL BE PAIN...

CHARMS, GHOST?

DO IT, KRONOS DO WHATEVER YOU HAVE TO DO...

BUT GHOST STEPS IN QUICKLY TO SAVE KRONOS THE GRISLY TASK...



HANGING SIGN

BUT EVEN NOW...

FIRE, GHOST... WE'LL JUST HAVE TO KEEP TRYING UNTIL WE FIND THE RIGHT WAY... MARCUS?



BLOOD! HE'S DEAD, GHOST! BUT NOW?



NO, GHOST, A CROSS OF HOLY STEEL... THAT'S OUR ANSWER... THAT'S HOW WE KILL THE VAMPIRE...

SO THAT NIGHT...

THIS'LL DO, KRONOS!  
GOOD HOLY METAL...  
I CAN FASHION A FINE  
SWORD FROM THIS.

OUT...

LOOK! THERE  
THEY ARE! THE  
ONES WHO KILLED  
DR. MARCUS!

AND THEY'RE  
ROBBING GRAVES  
NOW...

RUN, GHOST...  
RUN!

AND JO KRONOS BEGINS A DECAPIATING  
REORGANIZED ACTION.

AAAGH!

ONTO...

SORRY, GENTLEMEN.  
I'LL ENTERTAIN YOU ALL  
AGAIN SOME OTHER  
TIME...

AAAH!!

OUR ARMS...  
HE HIT US ALL.

IN THE  
SAME PLACE!

AND JO, KRONOS AND HIS  
COMPANIONS WITHDRAW TO  
THE SAFETY OF THE FOREST.

ALMOST  
FINISHED KRONOS  
A SWORD FIT FOR  
A KING...

OR A  
WRAITH, OH,  
GHOST.



AND SO, WHEN DARKNESS FALLS

WANT THE  
DEY...

OH, SIR,  
PLEASE HELP  
ME, SIR... I SAW  
THE LIGHT AND...

MY FATHER TRIED TO FORCE  
ME INTO A MARRIAGE... I RAN AWAY...  
PLEASE, SIR, LET ME STAY HERE  
TONIGHT... I WON'T TROUBLE YOU...  
I'LL JUST STAY HERE BY THE FIRE.

OF COURSE... IT'S  
A SIMPLE KINDNESS,  
HERE, DRINK THIS.

WE'LL  
LEAVE YOU THEN  
GOODNIGHT!

AND GOODNIGHT  
TO YOU, SARA...  
SLEEP WELL AND  
DARKNESS RENEWED!

OUTSIDE

WE'VE WAITED  
LONG ENOUGH, KRONOS.  
I DON'T THINK THEY'D  
ATTACK ORAL YET  
BUT...

BUT WE CAN'T  
TAKE THE CHANCE  
COME ON, GHOST.  
TIME WE MADE  
OUR MOVE.

HURRY, KRONOS.  
THERE'S ANOTHER  
STORM BREWING!  
DON'T LIKE IT!

NAR I  
GHOST, BUT WE  
MUST APPROACH  
QUETLY...

AND INSIDE THE HOUSE  
ANOTHER IS  
APPROACHING  
QUETLY.

CINDER HAWKS, LOOKS, AND  
CATCHES ANOTHER PAIR  
OF EYES. STRANGE  
ATYPICAL EYES.

YOU... YOU'RE...

AND HE SHE SITS THERE  
ENTRANCED, LIKE SO MANY  
BEFORE HER...

MOTHER!

HER FACE... DRILL-  
LOOK AT HER FACE!  
WHAT'S WRONG...

YOUR FATHER  
I REMEMBERED HIM  
HAD TO BRING  
HIM BACK...

BUT AT WHAT  
PRICE, MOTHER?  
WHAT PRICE? YOUR  
IMMORTAL SOUL...

KRONOS? WHAT'S WRONG  
WITH BEING YOUNG AND  
BEAUTIFUL? LIFE HAS BEGUN  
ANEM, SARA... FOR ME. AND



NONE CAN RESIST THE HYPNOTIC STARE OF THE SWAMP... AND HIS PAUL AND SAM REMAIN MOTIONLESS.

NOW, HAGRI, SHE SHALL BE YOURS... I GIVE YOU HER LIFE...

WHAT FORCE? WHAT MATTER? YOU WILL REMEMBER NOTHING OF THIS! LOOK AT ME! LOOK... AT... ME!

BUT THEN...



**NO!**

BUT KROGG HAD COME PREPARED... AND AS THE ANDROS FLASHED BEFORE HIS EYES

IT IS LADY DURNWARD WHO BECOMES LIKE STONE! BUT STILL THERE IS HANARD, DEED LORD OF DURNWARD.

**NO... I... I...**

A SWORD? YOU WISH TO FIGHT, LORD DURNWARD? YOU'RE MORE FOOLISH THAN I THOUGHT!

PERHAPS THE FOOL IS YOU WHO TAUGHT YOU THE SWORD!

BREKOFF OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD!



THEN YOU'RE DOOMED, SIR... BECAUSE I TAUGHT HIM!

**AAAAH!**

BUT PERHAPS THE SWORD IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE SWORDSMAN! THIS IS GOD'S BLADE - FORGOD FOR YOUR BLACK HEART! AH! YOU BLEED.

YOUR BLADE MAY HAVE BEEN GOD'S... BUT MINE IS THE DEVIL'S...

**MY SWORD!**



DISARMED, KNOX'S STICKS  
OFF RANDELY... AND THEN...

SINCE YOU KNOW  
THE DEVIL... YOU'LL  
PROBABLY BE FAMILIAR  
WITH THIS...

FIRE  
SIR! FIRE AND  
GRIMSTONE!

SKRIK!

AAAAUGH!

AND AS THE SULPHUREOUS FLAMES  
ENVELOPE THE DEAD LORD'S CLOTHING...

AYYAAAAH!

A FORETASTE,  
SIR... FOR WHEN YOU  
BURN IN HELL!

AND AGAIN, DEAD LORD OF DUNNARD, DIES AGAIN!

BUT NOT ALONE... FOR AT THE LAST, HE  
REACHES FOR HIS BELOVED...

AND THE WITCHESSED LADY  
DUNNARD IS ALSO  
ENVELOPED IN FIRE

THEN, AS THE HORRIFIC SPELL  
WINDS OFF...

IS IT OVER  
KNOWNS? REALLY  
OVER, AT  
LAST?

YES, IT'S OVER  
HERE! BUT TOMORROW,  
SOMEWHERE ELSE  
PERHAPS.

MOTHER,  
FATHER... THEY...

I FEAR THERE'LL  
ALWAYS BE WORK FOR  
GHOST AND I! ALWAYS  
WORK FOR PROFESSIONAL  
VAMPIRE HUNTERS!



Dear reader, we're so totally bogged down with reader letters that we're leaving this month's Post Mortem bits as they are. So let's hear what you think of some of the good/bad/long suggestions we've been receiving.

I would like to see more features on the films that you adapt to comic strip form. You could include deeper coverage of the makeup and special effects and perhaps some behind-the-scenes photographs.

G. MacLachlan,  
London.

Why not run an article on Dracula along the lines of "The Decline and Fall of the Frankenstein Monster" in *Wolf 27* And why not have a Dracula Gallery with stars like Jack Palance, Francis Lederer, Charles Hallahan and Max Schreck? Not forgetting my two favourite Draculas, Christopher Lee and Bela Lugosi.

John Pratt,  
South Yorkshire.

I have an idea for a competition you could have in *Wolf*. Readers design and apply their own monster makeup, get a friend to take a photo of them in a gruesome pose, and write a short story centred around the picture.

Also, I'd be grateful if you didn't publish any more "condemned worst cases" stories.

David Kravies,  
Leicester.

Each month you could do a kind of "Dictionary of Movie Monsters", including an illustration of the character as question (Frankenstein, Dracula, Mummy), a one or two page feature, a list of films in which the monster has appeared and a list of books on the subject.

John Dixon,  
Leeds, Surrey.

It's a pity you've changed your title from *The House of Hammer to House of Horror*. Had you stuck with the original title you could have brought out a whole series of companion magazines: *The House of Amiens*, *The Two Up*, *Two Down of Tybers*, *The Air-Raid Shelter of A.I.P.*, the list is endless...

Graham Baggett,  
Bristol.

I don't think there should be more comic strips in the magazine. One long Hammer adaptation and one short *Van Helsing* *Terror Tale* suits me fine.

Graham Watt,  
Lancashire.

Wherever possible, you could do a complete subject biography around the film you adapt to comic strip form. For example, if you adapt *Dr. Jekyll and Sister Hyde* you could do a complete Jekyll and Hyde biography.

Philip Mason,  
London.

I hope you adapt besides the well-known films, the lesser-known Hammer movies like *X=The Unknown*, *King of the Vampires* and *The Last Continent*.

Stephen D.,  
London.

Peter Walker must deserve coverage as the only true British horror film director of today. He has directed films like *The House of Whipcord*, *House of Morte*, *Sin*, *Frighmares*, *The Flash and Blood Shew* and *Schizo*, some of which have been mentioned within your pages.

Derrick Shelton,  
Hull.



Please either make adaptations longer or in two parts with short two pages each or forget the adaptations totally. It is really disappointing to see cramped artwork and huge chunks omitted from the storylines. Leave out a few film reviews if you have to, but make the adaptations longer.

K. Green,  
Reading.

Every month you could print a pin-up of a famous monster or horror actor in the centre pages of *Wolf*. Gary Paginus, Essex.

Here are some ideas that you might bear in mind for future issues. Have a pen-and-ink sweep-shop page as a sampler to your readers. Run an article on how a horror film is made, telling us about the jobs of the script-writer, the makeup man, the director, etc. A feature on Japan's giant monsters would be good. Each year you could publish a Special Issue dedicated to a famous horror actor including his life story, bibliography etc. Gary Dawsons, Tiverton and West.

Please bring back the new adventures of Captain Kratos which haven't been seen since *Wolf 1*, 2 and 3. B. Chodgry,  
Liverpool.

Perhaps you could do an article on the Italian comic books that became *Marvel*-*Dynabolt* and *Kriminal*, etc. Also, maybe one of your contributors could dig up some information from the lost Curtains couch and let us fans know what horror means to people way out there.

Dave Gibbons did the artwork for *Van Helsing's History of Horror* way back in *Wolf 7* and hasn't been seen since. A full length adaptation or even a *Terror Tale* would be appreciated as Gibbons is now half of a fine artist.

Mykel Evangelista,  
Leicester.

I would like more articles on modern films, and special sections on horror film production companies - Hammer, Tyburn, Amies, etc. Also, I would like to see some strip adaptations of films other than Hammer productions.

Andrew Smith,  
Hull.

The one film there isn't much talk about anywhere is the 1964 American film *Dr. Terror's House of Horrors* starring Peter Cushing. How about covering this in a future issue of *Wolf*? You could also do a feature on *The Legend of Hell House* and include plenty of stills of Roddy McDowall and Pamela Franklin.

Miss R. J. Clarke,  
Exford.

Please try to keep the film reviews down to a maximum of two per issue. You could use the space to give us longer *Van Helsing's Terror Tale*.

Terry Haffin,  
Hertford.

There are many films which just do not seem to be discussed in horror magazines. Films such as *The Curse of the Crimson Altar*, the excellent *Blood on Satan's Claw*, and the little-known *Karloff* film, *Confession of Blood*.

Instead of printing a poster on the back cover I'd rather see a colour still from the film featured in the comic strip in that issue.

Jeffrey Leach,  
Babton.

I think you should have a page for readers to write their own short stories of the monster.

Adrian Cox,  
Malden.

In place of *Van Helsing's Terror Tale* why not a short horror story. A *Terror Tale* takes up three or more pages but only takes about five minutes to read. A short story should last a bit longer.

Steven Seew,  
Didsbury.

I don't enjoy *Farley Shandor* a bit - too much like those awful Marvel characters although the artwork is far better. Please don't print any more of his dreadful adventures.

Emily Thacker,  
Merick.

The fantastic strips of *Van Helsing's Terror Tale* and *Farley Shandor* are not long enough. They are an excellent part of the magazine and should be given more space. Also, what has happened to *Kratos*? This was a superb strip and I long to see it return soon.

K. G. Wilson,  
Hertfordshire.

It would be good if you could print a feature on how your comic strip adaptations are produced. You could follow the strip's progress from writer to artist to letterer. Maybe you could print some finished artwork.

D. Currie,  
Widnes.

Take *Van Helsing's Terror Tale* out of *Hell* and give the series its own magazine. This would allow room for more plot and character development. Use *Kratos* as a back-up feature and round out the magazine with two or three film reviews.

Robert Sumner,  
Molehampton.

I have a suggestion to make: It is evident from your *Media Monitor* listings that there are far too many films to do full reviews on. So why not do the usual number of 2-page film reviews of the major releases plus a couple or so pages of short concise reviews (using smaller print)? These could have a column each and be similar to your *Fantasy Film* features in *Wolf 13* and *14* having a small credit box at the bottom of the column.

Nicholas Hayton,  
Reading.

... and there you have it: A healthy batch of conflicting criticisms that have as totally confused *Should the strips be longer/shorter, should the names be more or fewer, who knows? Without your feedback, we certainly don't, so put pen to paper and we'll look forward to hearing from each and every one of you.*

Send all letters of comment and criticism to: POST MORTEM, Top Shirts Ltd., Colindale-Warner House, 126-141, Watford Street London W11, England.

# HISTORY OF HAMMER

Part Three. The Mummy and the Return of Frankenstein 1958-1959.

By Bob Sheridan

By 1958, Hammer Films were already established as the modern masters of the Gothic horror film, due to their fantastically popular approaches to the classic terror tales, "Frankenstein" and "Dracula". In addition to these, Hammer had been achieving success with war and science-fiction films, and in 1958 they experimented with two further types of subjects.

The *Snorkel* was the forerunner of a series of Hammer thrillers, which would reach its height of popularity in the mid-1960s with films such as *Taste of Fear* and *The Nanny*. Directed by Guy Green from a Peter Myers-Jimmy Sangster screenplay, *The Snorkel* starred Peter Van Eyck in the role of Jacques Duval, a man who murders his wife and makes her death appear to have been suicide. The plot thickens when Duval's stepdaughter (Mandy Miller) begins to suspect the truth about her mother's death—as well as the death of her real father, some time before. Duval learns of her suspicions and plans to do away with her. Suspense mounts until the film comes to an eerie "poetic justice" conclusion in which Duval's scheme backfires on him... fatally.

Further up the Creek was a comedy (Hammer's first in over three years) written and directed by Val Guest. A sequel to the non-Hammer *Up the Creek* (which had been shot in Hammerscope and distributed by Exclusive Pictures, of which Hammer was an outgrowth), *Further* was pretty much more of the same—a lightweight peacetime naval farce designed for domestic bookings. Its chief interest is that it demonstrates that Hammer continued to turn out a variety of product after *The Curse of Frankenstein* and *Dracula*, although their main attention was directed toward films of a similar nature to these, their two greatest successes.

And so Hammer rounded out their 1958 releases with *The Revenge of Frankenstein*, an technicolor Christopher Lee, who had played both the creature in *The Curse of Frankenstein* and the title role in *Dracula*, refused to repeat either characterization, causing Hammer to cancel both *The Revenge of Dracula* and *And Then... Frankenstein Made Woman* (a play on the title of Roger Vadim's Brigitte Bardot vehicle *And God Created Women*). Lee quite understandably was trying to avoid the kind of typecasting that had reduced Bela Lugosi to a fool for the East Side Kids, but Hammer were not about to let Lee's decision hinder their success. Peter Cushing agreed to repeat his role as Baron Victor Frankenstein under

the direction of Terence Fisher. Jimmy Sangster devised a script which truly set the style for Hammer's Frankenstein series. Rather than following the adventures of the creature (as the original Universal series had done), Sangster's plot concerned the continuing career of Baron Frankenstein himself.

*The Revenge of Frankenstein* had an advantage over *Curse* in that this time Sangster was able to script for a director and star who had already been through the basic premise with him. Where *Curse* had been an occasionally awkward blend of styles, *Revenge* was obviously the work of a team whose members knew how to complement one another's approaches toward the material. This resulted in a





much sharper overall vision than before, so that *Revenge* is a better film than *Curse*, at least in terms of its creation of a powerful central character.

*The Revenge of Frankenstein* opens with the apparent guillotining of Baron Frankenstein, as implied in the finale of *The Curse*



Frankenstein, who is very much alive.

The film then jumps three years, to the town of Carlsbruck, where a certain "Doctor Stein" has stolen most of the patients away from the members of the local council of medicine. In addition to tending the needs of the rich, Stein runs a free clinic for the poor. As council member Paul Kleve (Francis Matthews) suspects, Stein is Frankenstein. Kleve blackmails Stein into taking him on as his assistant and pupil, and then quickly learns that Stein intends to bring another creature to life. Stein proudly shows Kleve the body (Michael Gwynne) he has constructed. Unlike the creature of *The Curse of Frankenstein*, this one is no misshapen monster, but a tall, powerful looking figure of a man. Another charge is that this time Stein has a volunteer to supply the brain for his creature, in the person of a handbuckled, partially paralyzed dwarf

by dissecting it. In the meantime, the patients at the free clinic have discovered that Frankenstein has been using their limbs and organs for his experiments. At the first opportunity, they beat Frankenstein nearly to death.

The film ends with an unusual twist. Using the knowledge he has gained, Kleve transplants Frankenstein's brain into a "spare" body constructed by Frankenstein in his own image. And so, looking the same as before except for a moustache and a tattooed arm (taken from a pickpocket in the clinic), Frankenstein sets up practice in London under the name Dr. Frank.

*The Revenge of Frankenstein* was a departure from all previous Frankenstein films in a number of ways. The creature played by Michael Gwynne is the most sympathetic character in the film. Even his death is unique; rather than spectacular fire, explosion, or disintegration, this creature



Above: *Hawes*'s 1959 remake of the 1932 *Universal* film *The Mummy* had Christopher Lee as Kharis retreading the footsteps of Boris Karloff and mistaking a modern woman, Isabel (Yvonne Furness) for his long-dead love, Ananka. Above left: In a fit of rage, Sir Hugo Baskerville (David Opatow) roasts the head of one of his servants in the fireplace and then pursues the man's daughter (Julie Ege) with murderous intent. *The Hound of the Baskervilles* (1959).

named Karl (Oscar Quirk). It was Karl who saved Frankenstein from the guillotine and beheaded the priest in Frankenstein's place. Karl's reward is to be a new body, courtesy of the rescued Baron.

Although the brain transplant is a success, the creature (now called Karl) undergoes a series of emotional and physical shocks (he learns that Stein plans to exhibit him, along with his old body, and is beaten by a savage drunkard played by George Woodbridge). As a result, Karl finds that his paralysis is returning, and that he is showing a disturbing tendency toward cannibalism! Despite Stein's efforts, Karl becomes a murderer and eventually identifies Stein as Frankenstein in public. The Baron puts an end to his new creature

dies by dissection—and offscreen, besides. Frankenstein himself has changed; he has out of all of his emotional connections with the rest of the world. In *The Curse of Frankenstein*, he had a fiancée and was carrying on with a maid as well. But now he shows no signs of either love or passion, but only an expertly managed ability to function on any level of society as a superior, rather than an equal.

Frankenstein's personality is framed by those of the characters around him, who are generally petty or selfish. In addition to Karl (in either of his bodies), there are three exceptions to this rule. On one hand, there is the patient played by Richard Wordsworth—a totally undefined personality who seems to embody the

of Frankenstein. The scene shifts quickly to a pair of grave robbers humorously portrayed by Lionel Jeffries and Michael Ripper in a style made famous by Abbott and Costello (the shrewd Jeffries fast-talks the dimwitted Ripper into doing the hard work for him, digging up the body of a freshly buried baron). This unpleasant team soon discovers that their routine job leads them to a horrific discovery when the body which they dig up turns out to be not the expected nobleman, but a beheaded priest. Through this gruesomely comical sequence, the audience is informed that the guillotine at the film's opening decapitated the unsuspecting priest (who was performing the last rites on the condemned man) instead of the crafty Baron



Above: Sir Henry Baskerville (Christopher Lee) comes face to face with The Hound. Below: Andre Morell (right) avoided bumbling, slow-witted approach to Dr. Watson typified by Nigel Bruce in the Sherlock Holmes series of the 1930s instead portraying Watson as a capable, cooperative character. Below right: As a reward for saving Frankenstein's life, the Baron transplants the brain of the paralyzed and hunchbacked Karl into a new body. Unfortunately, as time passes the paralysis returns making Karl's new body almost as twisted as the original. *The Revenge of Frankenstein* (1958).

spirit of anarchy. The reasons for his actions can only be explained as a fondness for making trouble for its own sake. At the opposite extreme is Margaret Conrad (Eunice Gayson), a minister's daughter who tends to the "necds" of the patients in the free clinic, supplying them with soap, writing paper, and tobacco—needless to say, only the last is in demand. Margaret is kind, generous, self-sacrificing—and a bit unrealistic. Also, with all her good intentions, she is largely responsible for the failure of Frankenstein's current experiment.

Lastly we come to Hans Klenz, who functions as the film's standard of normalcy. He sees both the good and the bad in Frankenstein. He admires the Baron's daring and skill, but is horrified at his methods. Unlike the Baron, Hans is idealistic, with a tendency toward humanitarianism (he is seen tending a young girl in the free clinic—no potential limb donor, she). Like Frankenstein as Carse, though, he expects others to share his enthusiasm for the Baron's work. It is Hans who cheerfully informs Karl, still recovering from the operation which has given him a new body, that he is to become an object of scientific study ("All my life I've been stared at," responds Karl to the unheeding Hans).

Finally Hans sides completely with Frankenstein, first against the medical council and then by performing the operation that saves the Baron's life. As a disciple or agent of Frankenstein, Hans



enables the Baron to achieve the ultimate in his dreams of creating life; at the end of *The Revenge of Frankenstein*, the Baron has become his own creature. This conclusion is so bizarre that Hammer has never attempted to follow it. Although in the film *Frankenstein* declares, "They will never be rid of me", and Hammer made a number of further *Frankenstein* films, only the first two films, *Curse and Revenge*, present any sort of consistent continuing saga.

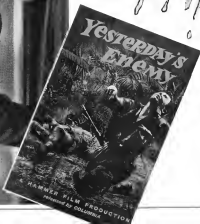
1959 began for Hammer with the release of *I Only Arise*, adapted by Sid Colin and Jack Davies from the Granada TV series *The Army Game*. Directed by Montgomery Tully, *I Only Arise* was another Hammer comedy aimed almost solely at the domestic film market—where it was, as usual for Hammer, a success.

Hammer's next two films, *The Hound of The Baskervilles* and *Ten Seconds to Hell*, were given worldwide release by United Artists. *Hound* reunited Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee under the direction of Terence Fisher. This time the script, based on Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's famous novel, was written by Peter Bryan, who remained more faithful to the original than Jimmy Sangster had done in his Hammer adaptations. For that matter, the Hammer *Hound Of The Baskervilles* is closer to Doyle than the 1939 American film version was, despite a couple of Hammer "twists".

The film begins at Baskerville Hall, a set which marks the most impressive use of Bray Studios outside of its disguise as



above. The little-seen original production design for the *Hound of the Baskervilles*. The *Hound* finally appeared in the film looking more like a great dane than a wolf. Below: *Yesterday's Enemy* (1959) attempted to follow *The Camp on Blood Island* by showing that the British could be just as ruthless as the Japanese.



Castle Dracula in Hammer's 1958 *Dracula*. At this point the work of the late Bernard Robinson should be acknowledged. As Hammer's chief production designer until the late 1960s, Robinson was responsible for the expensive "look" which many of Hammer's low budget films achieved. In *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, Robinson's Baskerville Hall, photographed in rich technicolor, serves as the opening scenes as a perfect backdrop for the evil of Sir Hugo Baskerville, as well as a visual expression of the nobleman's decadence. It is through those aspects of his personality that Sir Hugo brings about his own death. After pursuing an escaped servant girl (whose father's head he has just roasted in the fireplace) onto the moors outside Baskerville Hall, Sir Hugo stabs her to death, and is in turn killed by a huge dog... so goes the legend of the Hound of Hell.

At this point the film switches to the home of Sherlock Holmes (Peter Cushing). Holmes and Dr. Watson (Andre Morell) have been listening to the legend, as told by Dr. Mortimer (Frances De Wolff), the Baskerville family physician. Since the recent mysterious death of Sir Charles Baskerville, only Sir Henry (Christopher

Lee) remains heir to the Baskerville grounds, title, and fortune. Mortimer believes that Sir Charles' death is connected with the legend of the hound, and fears for Sir Henry's life.

Naturally, Holmes accepts the case and is soon working his expert way through a tangled web of clues, suspects, and strange occurrences. Rather than discuss the plot of this mystery (since the reader is probably already familiar with it), we shall turn our attention to Hammer's handling of the world's most famous detective.

Terence Fisher described Peter Cushing's performance as "second to none," and it is difficult to dispute the director's appraisal, except on the grounds of nostalgia. Obviously, it is Basil Rathbone's name which springs to mind when one mentions Sherlock Holmes in the movies, and Rathbone gave consistently top level performances throughout an entire series of Holmes films in the 1930s and 40s. And, while no one has ever topped Rathbone's characterization, Cushing's performance cannot honestly be called inferior. As always, Cushing gave his all, not surprisingly mixing bits of Van Helsing and Frankenstein into his portrayal. Like Van Helsing, Holmes is a totally dedicated enemy of evil, arming himself with all the information available to him. Like Frankenstein, he is impatient with anyone or anything that stands in the way of his goal, and is expert at manipulating the people with whom he comes in contact. Like both, he is unusually intelligent and concerned with knowledge—and refuses to even consider giving up (as Hound, he declares, "I never relinquish a case").

It has been argued that Andre Morell's Watson is a less effective foil for Cushing's Holmes than the one which Nigel Bruce created opposite Rathbone. While the Hammer version sacrifices some of the charm of the byplay between Holmes and his dimwitted comrade, it should be remembered that this characterization was Bruce's, and not drawn from Doyle's original stories. Terence Fisher described it another way: "A man of Holmes' intelligence would never have suffered such a clot around him." Morell's Watson, while nowhere near Holmes' genius, is an intelligent professional. And since Holmes is still his intellectual superior, Watson is still a perfect foil for lines such as "Watson, you inspire me!" (when he unintentionally reminds Holmes of a fact which the detective had overlooked) and the obligatory "elementary, my dear Watson."

One further contrast regarding Holmes himself is that Hammer chose to ignore Holmes' abilities as a master of disguise, a skill employed throughout the Rathbone series. On the other hand, Cushing's Holmes is closer to Doyle's original character in his physical involvement. He is as much a man of action as of thought, a fact never brought to light in the Rathbone films.

Christopher Lee, following his roles as Frankenstein's creature and Count Dracula, had more screen time than Drac in Hound. As Sir Henry Baskerville, he had what could have been a standard "good guy" role, but instead played the part as a rather stuffy and uncooperative member of the upper class, with little patience for Holmes' investigation. While possibly sacrificing audience sympathy, Lee gave Sir Henry an unexpected depth.

Ten Seconds To Hell was an unusual but appropriate film for Hammer, in that it was written and directed by American Robert Aldrich. Both Hammer and Aldrich had reputations for approaching familiar material in an unexpected way (in Aldrich's case, this is best demonstrated in his 1954 film of Mickey Spillane's *Kiss Me Deadly*). The film is about a group of war buddies who find that they cannot fit into a peacetime workaday world; and so together they form a squad to disarm unexploded bombs in former war zones. Realizing the deadly nature of their job, they form a salary pool, to be divided among the survivors of their task. This grim premise was made unusual by the casting of the lead roles: Jack Palance, most famous as the murderous gunslinger in *Shane*, was the hero, and Jeff Chandler, a popular action hero of the 1950s, was the villain!

*The Ugly Duckling* followed, an unusual

comedy version of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* directed by Lance Comfort from a Sid Colin-Jack Davies script based on a story by Colin Bernard Brewster, who had appeared in *I Only Arched*, played Henry Jekyll, a descendant of the "original" Jekyll, who discovers his ancestor's formula and uses it to turn himself into Teddy Hyde, man about town and crook. Rather than emphasising the horror elements of the story, Hammer produced it in the style of their other comedy releases of the period.

Hammer's next feature was *Yesterday's Enemy*, scripted by Peter R. Newman from his television play. Val Guest, who had directed *The Camp on Blood Island*, directed *Enemy* as an alternative version of *Enemy*, by showing that the British in World War II could be as ruthless as the Japanese were. *Yesterday's Enemy* was a thought-provoking, intelligent film which corrected every "flaw" that critics had found in *The Camp on Blood Island*—and didn't make anywhere near as much money.

Somehow Hammer managed to follow *Yesterday's Enemy* with yet another technicolor Terence Fisher-Peter Cushing-Christopher Lee horror remake, *The Mummy*. By this time, Hammer had proven their abilities with horror subjects to the extent that Universal Pictures had granted them remake rights on all of their



Christopher Lee's mummified Khari shuffled his way through the film wreaking vengeance upon the defilers of his tomb.



## THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN

Lawrence Gerson of Los Angeles, California, would like a listing of films using the *Abominable Snowman* theme, so here they are:

**The Snow Creature** (1954). Wilder/United Artists. *Dir:* W. Lee Wilder (also produced). *Screenplay:* Myles Wilder. *Leading Players:* Paul Langton, Leslie Denison, Teru Shimada.

**Men Beast** (1955). Jerry Warren/Favourite films. *Dir:* Jerry Warren (also produced). *Scr:* Arthur Cassidy. *LP:* Rock Madison, Virginia Maynor, George Skaff.

**Half Human** (aka *Julin Yukiotoko/Monster Snowmen*, 1955). Japanese. Toho/DCA. *Dir:* Inoshiro Honda. *Scr:* Takeo Murata. *LP:* Akira Takarada, Kenji Kasahara, (US-made sequences only.) John Carradine, Morris Ankrum. Features "apeman" creature.

**The Abominable Snowmen of the Himalayas** (1957). Hammer Film Prods., Clarion Films/Regal. *Dir:* Val Guest. *Scr:* Nigel Kneale. *LP:* Forrest Tucker, Peter Cushing, Maureen Connell. Based on the BBC-TV play "The Creature" by Nigel Kneale.

**Snow Devils** (aka *I Diavoli dello Spazio/The Devils from Space*, 1965). Italian. Mercury/MGM. *Colour.* *Dir:* A. Margheriti (Anthony Dawson). *Scr:* Charles Sinclair, William Finger, J. Reiner, Moretti. *LP:* Giacomo Rossi-Stuart (Jack Stuart), Ombretta Colli (Amber Collins), Renato Baldini (Gene Baldwin).

**Big Foot** (1969). Ellman Enterprises/Universal Entertainment. *Colour.* *Dir:* Robert F. Slatzer. *Scr:* Slatzer & James Gordon White. *LP:* Chris Mitchum, John Carradine, Lindsay Crosby. Features "apeman" creature.

**The Legend of Boggy Creek** (1972). P & L Prods. *Colour.* *Dir:* Charles B. Pierce (also produced & photographed). *Scr:* Earl E. Smith (also associate producer). *LP:* Willie E. Smith, John P. Hixon, John W. Gates, Jeff Crabbree. Features "apeman" creature.

## DR. FU MANCHU

For *Fu Manchu* fans Lerry and Edward Gostelow of Bristol, the checklist of films featuring Sax Rohmer's Oriental villain:

**The Mystery of Dr. Fu Manchu** (1923). Stoll. Silent—Serial in 15 chapters. *Dir:* A. E. Coleby. *Screenplay:* A. E. Coleby & Frank Wilson. *Lead Players:* Harry Agar Lyons (*Dr. Fu Manchu*), Fred Paul, H. Humberston Wright, Joan Carlsson.

**Further Mysteries of Dr. Fu Manchu** (1924). Stoll. Silent—Serial in 15 chapters. *Dir:* Fred Paul. *Scr:* Fred Paul (adaptation). *LP:* Harry Agar Lyons (*Dr. Fu Manchu*), Fred Paul, H. Humberston Wright, Dorena Shirley.

**The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu** (1929). Paramount. Silent & Sound versions. *Dir:* Rowland V. Lee. *Scr:* Florence Ryerson & Lloyd Corrigan. *LP:* Warner Oland (*Dr. Fu Manchu*), Jean Arthur, Neil Hamilton, O.P. Heggie.

**The Return of Dr. Fu Manchu** (1930). Paramount. *Dir:* Rowland V. Lee. *Scr:* Florence Ryerson & Lloyd Corrigan. *LP:* Warner Oland (*Dr. Fu Manchu*), O.P. Heggie, Neil Hamilton, Jean Arthur.

**Daughter of the Dragon** (1931). Paramount. *Dir:* Lloyd Corrigan. *Scr:* Corrigan, Monte M. Katterjohn, Sidney Buchman. *LP:* Warner Oland (*Dr. Fu Manchu*), Anna May Wong, Sessue Hayakawa. Based on the novel "Daughter of Fu Manchu" by Sax Rohmer.

**The Mask of Fu Manchu** (1932). Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. *Dir:* Charles Brabin & Charles Victor. *Scr:* Irene Kuhn, Edgar Allan Woolf, John Willard. *LP:* Boris Karloff (*Dr. Fu Manchu*), Lewis Stone, Karen Morley, Jean Harsholt,

# Answer

Myrne Loy. Based on the novel by Sax Rohmer.

**Drums of Fu Manchu** (1940). Republic. Serial, in 15 chapters. *Dir:* William Witney & John English. *Scr:* Franklyn Adreon, Morgan B. Cox, Ronald Davidson, Norman S. Hall, Barney A. Szeckly, Sol Shor. *LP:* Henry Brandon (*Dr. Fu Manchu*), William Royle, Robert Kellard, Gloria Franklin.

**El Otro Fu-Manchu (The Other Fu Manchu)** (1945). Spanish. Bascon Films. *Dir:* & *Scr:* Ramon Barbero. *LP:* Manuel Requena (*Dr. Fu Manchu*), Rosta Yarra, Adela Estaban.

**The Face of Fu Manchu** (1965). Hallam/Seven Arts. *Colour.* *Dir:* Don Sharp. *Scr:* Harry Alan Towers (Peter Welbeck). *LP:* Christopher Lee (*Dr. Fu Manchu*), Nigel Greene, Joachim Fuchsberger, Karin Dor, Tsai Chin.



**The Brides of Fu Manchu** (1965). Hallam/Seven Arts. *Colour.* *Dir:* Don Sharp. *Scr:* Sharp & Harry Alan Towers (Peter Welbeck). *LP:* Christopher Lee (*Dr. Fu Manchu*), Douglas Wilmer, Marie Versini, Heinz Drache, Howard Marion Crawford, Tsai Chin.

**The Vengeance of Fu Manchu** (1967). Babesdrive/WB-Seven Arts. *Dir:* Jeremy Summers. *Scr:* Harry Alan Towers (Peter Welbeck). *LP:* Christopher Lee (*Dr. Fu Manchu*), Tony Ferrer, Tsai Chin, Douglas Wilmer, Howard Marion Crawford.



# Desk

**Blood of Fu Manchu** (aka *Kiss and Kill*, 1968). Spanish/German/U.S./British. Ada Films/Terna Filmkunst/USTADEL Colour. Scope. *Dir:* Jesus Franco. *Scr:* Harry Alan Towers (Peter Welbeck), Manfred Kohler, Franco. *LP:* Christopher Lee (*Dr. Fu Manchu*), Goetz George, Ricardo Palacios, Richard Greene, Tsai Chin, Howard Marion Crawford.

**The Castle of Fu Manchu** (aka *Die Folterkammer des Dr. Fu Men Chu/The Torture Chamber of Dr. Fu Manchu and Assignment: Istanbul*, 1968). W. German/Spanish/Italian/British. Terna Filmkunst/Producciones Balcazar/Italian International/Towers of London. Colour. Scope. *Dir:* Jesus Franco. *Scr:* Manfred Barthel, Jesus Balcazar, Harry Alan Towers (Peter Welbeck). *LP:* Christopher Lee (*Dr. Fu Manchu*), Richard Greene, Howard Marion Crawford, Gunther Stoll, Rosalba Neri, Tsai Chin.

The *Fu Manchu*-movie list was also for David Gurney (Newport), Mon., Philip Hammond & Ian Thompson (Liverpool), Diana Newberry, Carol Bryant & Peter Crowther (Wembley, Middx.), and Harold Rheinemann (Cologne, Germany).

## MYSTERY AND IMAGINATION

Anthony Margolin & Alan West of Melbourne, Australia, would like to see an episode listing of their old TV favourite *Mystery and Imagination*. This 1966 British TV series was the work of producer Jonathan Alwyn and story editor Terence Feely. It was an ABC Weekend Network production, and was hosted by David Buck (as "Richard Beckett") who also appeared in some of the episodes.

**"The Lost Stradivarius"** (January 29, 1966) *Dir:* Bill Bain. Story by J. Meade Falkner, adapted by Owen Holder. 60 mins. B&W. *LP:* Jeremy Brett, David Brett, David Buck, Joyce Heron, Angela Morant, Patricia Garwood, Edward Brayshaw.

**"The Body Snatcher"** (February 5, 1966) *Dir:* Toby Robertson. Story by Robert Louis Stevenson, adapted by Robert Muller. *LP:* Trevor Baxter, Michael Johnson, James Cosins, Ian Holm, Ann Ogden, Dermot Tophy, Michael Gwynn.

**"The Fall of the House of Usher"** (February 12, 1966) *Dir:* Kim Mills. Story by Edgar Allan Poe, freely adapted by David Campton. *LP:* David Buck, Susanah York, Mary Miller, Denholm Elliott, Oliver McGreary, Dudley Jones.

**"The Open Door"** (February 19, 1966) *Dir:* Joan Kemp-Welch. Story by Mrs. Oliphant, adapted by George E. Kerr. *LP:* Jack Hawkins, Rachel Gurney, Jill Meredith, Henry Balcan, Geoffrey Sumner, Debbie Bowen.

**"The Tractate Middoth"** (February 26, 1966) *Dir:* Kim Mills. Story by M. R. James, adapted by Dennis Webb. *LP:* David Buck, Norman Scafe, Jerry Verno, Tim Preece, Giles Block, Edwin Finn, Helen Ford, Cyril Renison.

**"Lost Hearts"** (March 5, 1966) *Dir:* Robert Tronson. Story by M. R. James, adapted by Giles Cooper. *LP:* Richard Pearson, Freddie Jones, Megs Jenkins, David Dooland, Francis Thompson, Roy Young, Darryl Read.

**"The Canterville Ghost"** (March 12, 1966) *Dir:* Kim Mills. Story by Oscar Wilde, adapted by Giles Cooper. *LP:* Bruce Forsyth, Doris Rogers, John Falconer, David Stoll,

David Bauer, Libby Morris, Angela Thorne, Colin Pidditch. **"Room Thirteen"** (October 22, 1966) *Dir:* Patrick Dromgoole. Story by M. R. James, adapted by Evelyn Fraser. *LP:* David Buck, David Battley, George Woodbridge, Tessa Wyatt, Carl Bernard, Joss Ackland.

**"The Beckoning Shadow"** (October 29, 1966) *Dir:* Laurence Bourne. From the story *Did Mrs. Jones* by Mrs. J. H. Riddell, adapted by Allan Price. *LP:* David Buck, Toni Palmer, Edwin Richfield, Maureen Pryor, John Ronane, Larry Noble, Julia McCarthy, Renny Lister, Geoffrey Palmer.

**"The Flying Dragon"** (November 5, 1966) *Dir:* Bill Bain. Story by J. Sheridan Le Fanu, adapted by John Bowen. *LP:* David Buck, Ann Bell, John Bryans, John Phillips, Derek Smith, John Moffatt, Aubrey Morris.

**"Carmilla"** (November 12, 1966) *Dir:* Bill Bain. Story by J. Sheridan Le Fanu, adapted by Stanley Miller. *LP:* Natasha Payne, Joseph O'Connor, Roy Marsden, Laurel Mather, Some Dredel, Terence Bayler.

**"The Phantom Lover"** (November 19, 1966) *Dir:* Robert Tronson. Story by Vernon Lee, adapted by George E. Kerr. *LP:* David Buck, Robert Hardy, Virginia McKenna, Richard Arthur, Anthony Lindford, John Sharp.

## 'SHE' MOVIES

Our final list this issue is for the followers of Ayesha, John Lene of London SE22, David Gough of Cardiff, S. Wales, Colin Williams & Mike Bishop of London W10, and Dave Shaw of Glasgow, Scotland, who want to see a checklist of films based on Rider Haggard's *She*.

Haggard's **"She"**—*The Pillar of Fire* (aka *La Dense du Feu/The Dance of Fire and La Colonne de Feu/The Column of Fire*, 1899) French. Silent. Produced by Georges Melies. Based on idea from the novel *"She"* by H. Rider Haggard.

*She* (1908). Edison. Silent.

*She* (1911). Thanhouser. Silent. *Lead Players:* James Cruze, Marquette Snow.

*She* (1916). Barker. Silent. *Dir:* Will Barker & H. Leslie Lucoque. Screenplay: Nellie E. Lucoque. *LP:* Alice Delaysia, Henry Victor, Sidney Brand.

*She* (1917). Fox. Silent. *Dir:* Keness Buel. *Scr:* Mary Murillo. *LP:* Valeska Surett. In this one, the fire finally turns Ayesha into an ape.

*She* (1926). Reciprocity Films/Artlee. Silent. *Dir:* Leander de Cordova. *Scr:* Walter Summers. *LP:* Betty Bythe, Caryle Blackwell, Marjorie Statler, Henry George.

*She* (1935). RKO. *Dir:* Irving Pichel & Lansing C. Holden. *Scr:* Ruth Rose. *LP:* Helen Gaganan, Randolph Scott, Helen Mack, Nigel Bruce, Gustav von Seyffertitz. The action in this version takes place in the Himalayas—instead of North Africa.

*Malika Selomi* (1953). Indian. Comedy Pictures. *Dir:* Mohamed Hussein (also screenplay). *LP:* Rupa Varman, Krishna Kumar, Kameen, Sheikh, Shaif, Nanda, Kamal Mohan. Based on H. Rider Haggard's *"She"*.

*She* (1965). Hammer/7 Arts Colour. Scope. *Dir:* Robert Day. *Scr:* David T. Chantler. *LP:* Ursula Andrews, Peter Cushing, Bernard Cribbins, John Richardson, Rosenda Monteros, Christopher Lee, Andre Morell. This version sees the hero become immortal after bathing in the fire and having to remain in the lost city.

**The Vengeance of She** (1967). Hammer/7 Arts. Colour. *Dir:* Cliff Owen. *Scr:* Peter O'Donnell. *LP:* John Richardson, Olinka Berova, Edward Judd, Colin Blakely, Derek Godfrey. Based on characters created by H. Rider Haggard.

# Those Fearless

Feature by Tise Vahimagi

The shadowy world of blood-seeking vampires versus the vampire-slayers and their crude arsenal of evil-destroying implements is a bizarre concoction blended from three basic sources.

Garnered from the areas of literature, folklore, and cinema, they have created an entire mythos of vampireless and fearless vampire hunters. All three areas have

contributed greatly to the vampire legend, but it is the cinema's portrayal and interpretation of the theme that remains foremost in the mind.

Borrowing heavily from—and somewhat distorting for sake of drama—the world of vampire-related literature, and the folklore that the books were based on, the screenwriters invented a complete new landscape

of vampire fantasy and vampire stalkers. Most of the general rules regarding the vampire mythos actually derive from the imaginations of scriptwriters who—like their Pulp-fiction counterparts—created an entire universe to surround vampire victims, their backgrounds, and their opponents. From the basic groundwork laid out in the early days of cinema, most movies have conformed to the laws set down by their celluloid ancestors.

Bram Stoker's immortal novel contained much fuel for the scriptwriter's imagination, but the Hollywood studios of some thirty-four years ago really set the theme and pace for future vampire movies. Accepting the cinema's world of vampire lore (somewhat like its own Werewolf lore), and all the rules and limitations that go with it, we find that this "universe" is made up of several different components—all of which would be interesting to trace through their various movie utilizations. For example, the art of destroying a vampire contains intriguing implications; who first discovered that a stake through the heart, running-water, sunlight, holy-water, the shadow of the cross, the crucifix, etc., etc., could destroy a vampire?

However, it is not this aspect of movie vampire mythology that we are exploring here. It is the second most important character in all vampire films—the vampire hunter.

In all forms of drama the relationship, the play-off between two intelligent adversaries is the most important factor of the story—all other components are merely props for these two characters. Sherlock Holmes has his Moriarty, Fu Manchu has his Nayland Smith, Superman has his Lex Luthor, James Bond has his Blofeld—and Dracula has his Van Helsing.

The cinema industry has virtually made the vampire story its own, and the role of the vampire-hunter an art. The vampire hunter's bag of tricks, his arsenal, his methods and his character have been well-defined over countless movies. The vampire character is the central force that the story usually revolves around, yet vampires have always had an adversary of somewhat unique talents who relentlessly pursues his quarry throughout the story. Without this apparently personal feud there really is no story—the surrounding characters, victims, castles, and mid-European forests are merely a chess-board over which the two "specialists" play out their tactics.

The art of vampire-hunting (it's not a profession that can be easily explained to others) is superbly depicted and played-out in Polanski's excellent *Dance of the*

*Below: Samuel Peardon (played by Peter Sallis, better-known for his role as Clever in BBC TV's *Last of the Summer Wine*) reveals in terror as he realizes that he's lost Dracula. Taste the Blood of Dracula (1970). Right: Another of Dracula's adventures, the *Miniseries* (Robert Downey, Jr.), tracked Dracula relentlessly through the 92 movies of Dracula has Risen from the Grave (1968).*





# Vampire Hunters





Two differing versions of Richard Matheson's book, "I Am Legend" have been filmed in recent years. The earlier version (*The Last Man on Earth*, 1964; below) starred Vincent Price as the vampire stalking Neville, the later version (*The Omega Man*, 1971; above) cast Clifton Heston in the same role.



As well as directing *The Fearless Vampire Killers* (British title: *Dance of the Vampires*), Roman Polanski also co-starred as Alfred, the loyal assistant of the vampire-hunting Professor Abraham Van Helsing (Jack McGowan).

**Vampires** (formerly entitled *The Fearless Vampire Killers*) This 1967 picture is a tribute, homage, and spoof on the gothic vampire films and their characters. The storyline of Polanski's film has its roots in Hammer's *Brides of Dracula* and *Kiss of the Vampire*; the characters in his version, however, come across as incredible caricatures of the accepted "Baron Munchausen", the "Ravena" family, "Van Helsing", "Sunder", "Professor Zimmer", etc.

*Dance of the Vampires* concerns the attempts of two vampire hunters, Professor Abraham (Jack McGowan) and his assistant Alfred (Roman Polanski), who set out to rescue an innkeeper's beautiful daughter (Sharon Tate) from the vampire clutches of Count Krolock (Ferdie Mayne). Our two heroes are welcomed at Krolock's castle but have, in effect, walked into his web. The vampire devices are all very much in evidence, but displayed in a rather unique fashion. One of the most impressive scenes is during a ball at the



Another Hammer vampire killer, Professor Zimmer (Chafford Brown) actually and black might is another a crown of vampires led by Doctor Ravena (Neil Williams) in *Kiss of the Vampire* (1964).

castle—made up largely of mirrors from the local graveyard—in which a large ballroom mirror reflects only the images of our three outsiders, yet all around them the "guests" fill the place out. There is also a very funny variation of an established theme where a smiling Jewish member of the undead approaches a crucifix-brandishing girl and gleefully admits, "You've got the wrong vampire!".

Polanski's film—next to *Captain Kross*, possibly, which really goes off into a vampire-littered world of its own—brings out and makes obvious the absurd paraphernalia of movie vampire-hunting and destroying.

Dr. Abraham Van Helsing must be the original vampire-hunter, for he is part of the Bram Stoker package from which the general theme is derived. Van Helsing, unlike his counterparts, is aware that he really has only one enemy to destroy—Count Dracula. In the Doctor's book, the final destruction of Dracula means the end of vampirism in the world—and it is

toward this end that Van Helsing battles.

He has his own set of strict rules and regulations to which he adheres, demanding also that his confused assistants and companions perform likewise. Van Helsing's arsenal is quite varied and bizarre—but then, his quarry and the world it belongs to is also quite bizarre. Van Helsing is, in effect, a sane man struggling along in a crazy world (not unlike the situation created for Neville in Richard Matheson's novel, *I Am Legend*—but more on that later).

The whole Van Helsing-Vampire syndrome is, in itself, a curious one. Here we have a man of science, medicine and intellectual logic who not only accepts the premise of blood-sucking, undead creatures but actually devotes his life to fanatically pursuing and destroying them, using weapons and methods that come closer to religious beliefs than science. It is basically the old "voodoo-doll" story again—you have to believe in it before you can respond to it! Priests are really the more logical adversaries of vampires because both already conform to the same rules. Science, even Victorian science, does not enter into it—or rather, it shouldn't.

The two most memorable Van Helsing in the history of cinema must be Edward Van Sloan's portrayal for Universal during the 1930s and Peter Cushing's interpretation under the Hammer aegis. The same character but two entirely different characterizations. Van Sloan, appearing in *Dracula* (1931) and *Dracula's Daughter* (1936), played a sedate, advice-giving, thinking Van Helsing, while Cushing played the character as an immensely active, wholly energetic, action-packed Van Helsing. Edward Van Sloan may come closer to Stoker's original concept of the elderly Dutch doctor but, by way of comparison, one couldn't really imagine Van



*A vampire meets a prey: end in El Gran Amor del Conde Dracula (1932) which featured European master of the macabre Paul Naschy as Count Dracula.*

Sloan tearing around Castle Dracula, leaping onto and running along dingy tables, and hurling himself onto the drapes to let the sunlight in at the climax of *Horror of Dracula*.

Tod Browning's *Dracula*, unfortunately, doesn't allow Van Sloan's Dr. Van Helsing much activity, mainly due to the heavy-weight stage-to-screen production. Most of the interesting and exciting parts are merely referred to in passages of dialogue—the players are left to discuss weird events that supposedly take place off screen.

In this early version, the Van Helsing character acts as if he were simply trying to get a confession out of Dracula by trapping him with small mirrors and crucifixes in the drawing-room. It is only at the end, the Carfax Abbey sequences, that he physically sets about destroying the vampire—and then it all happens when the camera discreetly moves away to allow an off-screen groan from the Count.

Universal followed up *Dracula* some

five years later with *Dracula's Daughter*, with the main adversary this time being the title character, Countess Marya Zaleska (Gloria Holden). The beginning of the picture is the only interesting part, with the Count's daughter burning her father's body in quite an atmospheric sequence, and the (logical) arrest of Van Helsing after his performance at Carfax Abbey. Excepting the Zerkoff-like presence of Irving Pichel's Sander character, the rest of the film gets bogged down in a silly love-triangle melodrama. Van Helsing, once again, is more involved in the advice-giving than action department.

Peter Cushing's role of Van Helsing is by far the most exciting interpretation. Terry Fisher's *Dracula* lays out his role of the vampire-hunter and backs up the character by showing that Van Helsing is more or less alone in his beliefs and pursuits. The film tells us that Van Helsing has made a thorough study of the "disease" and has developed ways of handling it. The only problem is that the subject he's



*The night of the living dead. Neville (Pinner) attempts to keep his vampire enemies at bay with a wreath of garlic pulled to his front door in *The Last Man on Earth* (1964).*



Above: Paul (Christopher Matthews), though far from being a professional vampire-slayer, was Dracula's main adversary in the 1970 film *Scars of Dracula*. Below: Captain Kronos needed all his fighting prowess to defend himself against the enraged villagers, who believed him to be at the foot of the vampire epidemic in *Kronos* (1973).



dealing with, and the methods he is forced to employ, are so crude and unacceptable to the civilized world that he is often at logger heads with the people he depends on most for assistance.

One need only think back to the sequence in *Horror of Dracula* where Van Helsing has to ask for Michael Gough's help in "saving" Gough's vampire sister. Once Van Helsing has made clear his theory of vampires and what must be done by way of a stake through the heart, Gough tears off in an outraged passage of disbelief, paranoia, guilt, and self-sacrifice.

Cushing's Van Helsing is a man who is frustrated in his every move to convince people that there is this dark world of vampires, and there exist only certain effective ways of dealing with them. *Brides of Dracula* sees him involved in performing his tasks with the minimum of explanation—obviously, by this time he's somewhat lost interest in trying to ally others to his cause. He almost regards the people that he's helping to protect as sheep. His is a one-man war.

The modern-day Hammer/Dracula vehicles (*Dracula AD 1972* and *Satanic Rites of Dracula*) unfortunately mis-use the Van Helsing character (despite being a descendant) to the point where he is just another "hero" figure—for that matter, it could be any police-chief or routine leading-man. Whatever magic the Cushing/Van Helsing character contained during his *Dracula/Brides of Dracula* days is now quite out-of-context.

In Hammer's *Legend of the 7 Golden Vampires*, despite the 1904 setting, the glory that should have been Van Helsing's actually went to David Chiang and the other Martial Arts performers. On reflection, this picture could have done without the presence of Van Helsing—a sad farewell to the character who once took on sinister creatures single-handedly, and with as much energy.





Peter Cushing—Vampire-Hunter. Above: General Spielendorf was the father of one of Carmilla Karnstein's victims in *The Vampire Lovers* (1970) thereby earning the privilege of finally ending Carmilla's reign of terror. Below: Cushing as perhaps the most famous vampire-killer of all, Dr. Lawrence Van Helsing, in Hammer's *Brides of Dracula* (1960).

Two other notable, though less flamboyant, Van Helsing-like vampire-hunter off the ground with Captain Kronos but any follow-up series has yet to appear. Set in the early 19th century, dashing young Kronos (Horst Janson) and his vampire-stalking partner, Professor Grest (John Cacer), supposedly travel the land on the look-out for vampire deeds. These two are, presumably, specialists in their unique field, and carry with them a most unusual armory of weapons and methods. At one point in the story they are in the painful position of having to kill an old friend because he has fallen victim to a vampire—they make several grisly, but unsuccessful, attempts to kill



him before accidentally impaling the victim on a stake-sized crucifix. Where Kronos and his associates fail is in the action department; their operations are all deeply prepared and methodical—they lack the sudden sprints of activity that made Peter Cushing/Van Helsing's hectic days much more exciting.

**Kiss of the Vampire**, from Hammer in '64, presented Professor Zimmer (Clifford Evans) as a sort of Van Helsing-type vampire-killer. Zimmer only stalks in and out of the film for most of the story, but at the end he conjures up a swarm of vampire-bats and directs them to attack the principal circle of vampires at a remote chateau.

Miracula/Carmilla Karnstein also faced two strong adversaries, in the form of Douglas Wilmer's Baron Harig (The Vampire Lovers) and Peter Cushing's Gustav Weil (in *Twins of Evil*). The *Vampire Lovers* (1970) actually featured two vampire-hunters—Baron Harig was the main opponent throughout the film, but it took General Spielendorf (Cushing, again) to complete the destruction of the female vampire (Ingrid Pitt). The character of Gustav Weil in *Twins of Evil* (1971) is even more irregular than the others. This witch and vampire hunter being related more closely to Matthew Hopkins (Witchfinder General) than to a Van Helsing.

Priests are the real and obvious adversaries of the vampire hordes—their knowledge of the "enemy", and their dedication to good-over-evil makes them prime opponents. However, not all priests are brave and adventurous, and some are even weak enough to come under the spell of evil (as seen in *Dracula Has Risen From the Grave*) Andrew Keir's Father Sandor (pronounced Shandor), in *Dracula: Prince of Darkness* (1966), finds himself in a similar position to Professor Zimmer—protecting naive travellers from vampires, this time Count Dracula himself. From the outset, Sandor takes charge and knows exactly what to do, although his actions (as a member of the religious order) are somewhat unorthodox. Rupert Davies' Monsignore continues the battle against Dracula, though much more restrained, in *Dracula Has Risen From the Grave* (1968). He not only has the welfare of the local people to worry about but also a local cleric who has become Dracula's slave. From these two principal men of the Church, it is Father Sandor who emerges most capable of handling a bizarre situation. When dealing with the Count himself, Sandor comes closest to the Van Helsing style.

Crossing over to the Western genre, Eric Fleming's preacher has a showdown with a vampire gunfighter in *Curse of the Undead* (1959). The gunfighter, Drake Robery (Michael Pace), appears successful in his many shootouts because regular bullets cannot harm him—he is Don Drago Robles, a 100-year-old vampire.

The preacher finally gets wise to this and dispatches Robles by shooting him with a bullet tipped with a splinter from the Cross of Christ.

Science-fiction offered a couple of irregular vampire killers, most notably in *The Thing From Another World* (1951). Here the quarry (the Thing) happens to be a blood-busting alien. The setting is a remote Arctic base-camp, and the role of the "vampire-hunters" is taken by a small group of American Air Force men. The alien-vampire is, after many close encounters, finally destroyed by high-powered electrocution.

Richard Matheson's highly-impressive novel, *I Am Legend*, has inspired no less than two movie adaptations: *The Last Man On Earth* (1964) and *The Omega Man* (1971).

Here, at least in his original novel, Matheson proved once more why he is such a respected writer. He took the vampire-hunting theme and twisted it totally made out. The world (through a gross epidemic) becomes populated by day sleeping, night stalking "vampires", and Neville (Vincent Price in the 1964 movie; Charlton Heston in the later version) as the supposed hero, their hunter.

But the hero/villain position is totally reversed. In a world completely filled with vampires, the man who tracks them to their lairs only to stake/blast/kill them while they sleep must surely be the villain. As inevitably happens, this ironic twist was lost in the transition to the screen, with the latter version involving itself more with ecological questions than either Matheson's concept or the straight vampire-hunting of the former.

Memorable vampire stories on the



Count Dracula's grim faced nervousness, Father Sander (played by Andrew Keir in *Dracula—Prince of Darkness*, 1966) applies himself to the grisly task of vampire-slaying.

small-screen are quite rare, making the tv vampire hunter an even rarer character. Of course, there have been various adaptations of Stoker's *Dracula* ('70-'73, and '77, in just the last ten years), but these contain a controlled, almost stagey, Van Helsing character. On the other hand Rod Ser-

ling's *Night Gallery* (1970-72) brought forth a few vampire segments—but these were mostly comic variations.

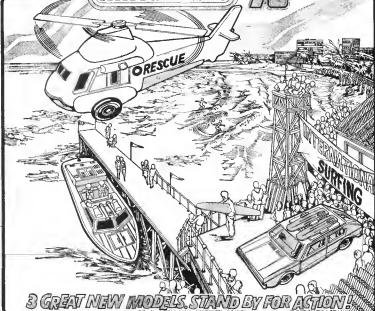
However, there is one great exception in small-screen vampire hunters—and that emerged in the form of news-hound Carl Kolchak in the 1972 made-for-tv movie, *The Night Stalker*.

Kolchak (Darren McGavin) is convinced that contemporary Las Vegas is the hunting ground for a modern-day vampire. Needless to say, the authorities don't accept any part of Kolchak's theory—right down the line to when Kolchak himself discovers the vampire (Barry Atwater) and destroys it. This tv film scored the highest-ever viewing ratings at that time—and this success, along with McGavin's own interest in the show, became the starting-point for a spin-off series, *Kolchak: The Night Stalker* (1974-75).

McGavin's Carl Kolchak (now based in Chicago) stalked every kind of monster during the short-lived series, but only one segment directly dealt with vampirism. The *Fangsore* episode featured a girl who was one of the victims in *The Night Stalker* setting, and who now returned from the dead as a female vampire. Though Kolchak himself was far from "fearless", the character and his modern-day landscape interwoven with mythological creatures made an unusual and exciting blend. To date Kolchak is probably the last great "vampire hunter".



These fearless vampire-killers, Alfred (Roman Polanski) and Professor Abrenax (Jack McGraw) appear to be absolutely petrified in *Dance of the Vampires* (1967).

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# VAN HELSING'S TERROR TALES



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL DORIAN DUCKWORTH WAS A SPORTSMAN. ONE OF THAT RARE BREED WHO DELIGHT IN DEATH FOR ITS OWN SAKE. ANYTHING THAT FLEW, SWAM, CRAWLED, CREEPT OR JUST ~~BREATHE~~ WAS FAIR GAME... UNTIL ONE FATEFUL DAY THE COLONEL TOOK A STEP OVER THE EDGE, AND LET LOOSE...

## The HOUNDS of HELL

THE FOLLOWING MORNING FOUND DUCKWORTH WORK AT HIS NEXT SCENE OF DESTRUCTION...



SOON THE HUNT WAS IN FULL CRY... THE BAYING OF HOUNDS WAS MUSIC TO DUCKWORTH'S EARS...



DUCKWORTH FOLLOWED THE HUNT IN THEIR HEADLONG PURSUIT OVER HEDGES AND FIELDS... UNTIL...







DUCKWORTH ARRIVED ON THE SCENE...



IN HIS FURY, DUCKWORTH STRUCK OUT WITH HIS GUN BUTT...



BEFORE THE SHOCKED HUNTSMEN COULD MOVE...





HAH! ALL THIS FUSS OVER SOME OLD MEDDLER... SHE WAS PROBABLY A WITCH ANYWAY!



GOOD LORD! LOOKS LIKE THE OLD BAT REALLY WAS A WITCH!



THEN DUCKWORTH CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF SOMETHING IN DOGGY OLD AUSTRIA ON THE WALL... SOMETHING THAT FROZE HIS BLOOD!

ON MY GOD!



BLIND WITH TERROR, DUCKWORTH STUMBLERED FROM THE COTTAGE...

GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!



FORGETTING EVERYTHING IN HIS PANIC, DUCKWORTH RAN UNTIL HE COULD RUN NO MORE...

GASP! I JUST CAN'T GO ON... I'M DONE FOR...

IT WAS THEN HE HEARD IT...



NO! NO! GASP! IT CAN'T BE!



DOORBREATHS OF AN UNBORNLY AIDER, WHOSE HOWL ECHOED THE HOWL WHINNED FROM DUCKWORTH'S STRAINING THROAT...



TAAAAAAGH!



NOBODY EVER KNEW HOW DUCKWORTH ENDED UP AT THE FOOT OF A CLIFF. SOME SAY HE FELL, OTHERS SAY HE WAS PUSHED. BUT WE'D JUST SAY HE'D GONE TO GROUND... E.R... THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND, THAT IS...

The End

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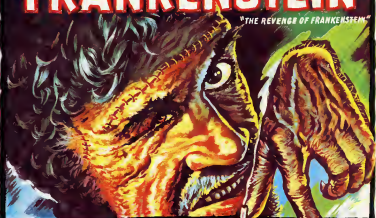


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